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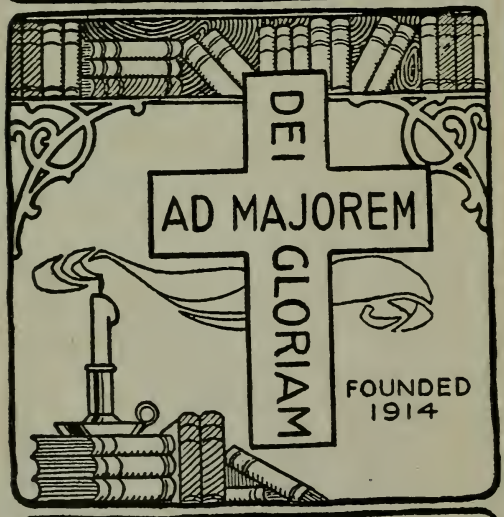

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THE

CROSS OF CHRIST:

BEING

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY THE LATE

H. B. BASCOM, D.D. LL.D.,

BEFORE THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH,

Immediately preceding his Ordination to the Episcopal Office, in St. Louis, Missouri, May 12th, 1850;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH;

TOGETHER WITH THE

FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

Delivered on the occasion, before the Louisville Conference, at Greensburg, Kentucky, September 21st, 1850,

By BISHOP JAMES O. ANDREW, D.D.

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SERMON.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

GALATIANS vi. 14.

WHAT more embarrassing, than to be oppressed with a sense of the grandeur of your subject, and yet crushed with a consciousness of incapacity to do it justice! In whatever aspect we view the subject, Christianity is transcendent alike, in claim and disclosure. The supernatural and extraordinary, however, connected with the Christian religion, so far from furnishing a presumption against its truth, suggests, in fact, a strong antecedent probability in favor of its divine original. Had the disclosures of Christianity reached us, upon the ordinary plane of human events and earthly analogies, the common opinion respecting it

1883

would doubtless have been, that it was the offspring of human reason and invention, and, of course, the confidence of mankind would have been withheld. The fact, therefore, that Christianity claims to be essentially super-terrestrial — eminently transhuman, in nature and origin — must, to say the least, predispose us to a favorable examination, rather than the rejection of its pretensions. This view of the subject is suggested by the language of the text, in which the Cross of Christ appears as unlike and superior to every other ground of religious trust: "Far be it from me, God forbid, that I should exult, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." We understand the distinctive designation, "the Cross of Christ," as a brief simplification, or rather, comprehensive generalization, of the more distinguishing facts and principles of the Christian religion. And this single view of the subject, presented in a series of different aspects, and variously elaborated, will engross us, throughout the whole of the discourse upon which we are now entering.

And first, let us distinguish between the divine and the human, the essential and what is merely incidental with regard to the Cross of Christ. In all the later ages of Christianity, the Cross of Christ has been presented in aspects with which the mind of man has had little or no quarrel. Presented to the mind objectively, as the mystic symbol of Almighty superintendence, or Divine condescension, connected with the behests of authority, or the achievements of conquest, the trophies of power, or the triumphs of virtue, it does not, as the general rule, offend. As betokening the challenge of supremacy, or the claim of dominion, historic note or national vestige—as the Cross opposed to the Crescent—it does not revolt. As vaguely distinctive of the great message of human redemption, or as denoting the grand conflict between good and evil, going on upon the theatre of the world, little or no objection is urged to it. Used only to denote the being of God and the immortality of man, Christianity as the choice of a religious creed, or the Bible as a general rule or law of

action, few, if any, will find fault. As denoting the heroism of Christianity, the giant energy and moral valor of her sons and champions, as Paul and Luther, Knox and Wesley—or as the sign of triumph, held up in the perspective of ages, or more simply the sign of a religion promoting the charities which soften, and the arts and virtues adorning life and society—it will rarely be objected to. Sparkling in the crowns, or distinguished as the signet of empire—in alliance with power, or accredited by learning—floating upon the banner of battle, or gleaming on the shield of the warrior—its wonders rehearsed in epic, or swelling the grandeur of the canto—the Cross does not offend. Used as the seal of statesmanship, or speaking upon the canvass of Rubens—glittering from the spires of architecture, or drooping upon the bosom of beauty—there are none to except!

So viewed, the Cross is simply a conventional exhibition of opinion and taste, and requires no renunciation of self—no cost—no sacrifice. It is only when we approach the full, majestic

design of the Cross, in the original signification of its appointment and purpose, that its offence fully appears. The great primary design of the Cross seems to be, to reverse the proud judgment, and correct the perverted taste and aptitudes of man, on the subject of his moral relations, and especially the great question of reconciliation with offended Deity. It is designed both for reproof and remedy, conviction of sin, and deliverance from it. It may be represented as exhibiting, in this way, the opposite poles of the Christian system—the ruin, and the recovery of man. It teaches us alike the goodness and the severity of God—the lovely and the awful, in his character and government; and thus connects with an eternity of joy or anguish!

In order to understand the proper subject of apostolic boast, in the text, that is, the Cross of Christ, we ask attention to some preliminary views of its importance and distinctiveness.

The designation, "the Cross of Christ," in its inspired use, often denotes a collection of facts and principles, and these always connect with

the life and ministry, and especially the death, of the Son of God—assuming his humiliation and earthly history, in the whole range of their truth and purpose; and, upon this view of the subject, turned the characteristic originality of apostolic faith and preaching. The Cross, in its most direct, ordinary acceptation, simply denotes means connected with an end—God's method of effecting the salvation of men. The true idea of the Cross seems to turn upon the manner in which God purposed and saw proper to accomplish the great work of human salvation. It was not so much, perhaps, or, properly, crucifixion, compared with other modes of death, as death itself, which consummated an achievement so stupendous, and in every view of it, without the pale of human foresight. The fact that Christ came to his death, by being nailed to a crucial engine, called the Cross, (no uncommon instrument of death in the Roman empire), and styled, by Cicero, in his speech against Labienus, "the accursed tree," does not give the mystery and meaning of the Cross of Christ, in the text.

These connect with the more primary fact and higher purposes of his death, to which crucifixion was but incidental—merely model, being only the form and manner of suffering. The opprobrium of the Cross, relating only to the manner of his death, is redeemed and lost sight of, in the grandeur of the event itself, as the means of man's salvation.

The first great work of Christ upon earth was to turn man from himself; and, as the means of this result, the Cross becomes the key to the purposes of his mission, including the sacrifice of his death especially, as among the most illustrious of the purposes, giving character and grandeur to his advent. This method of recovery, by the Cross of Christ, is, in every aspect of it, a theme of high and reverent import. It removes the dishonor of God, by the very means by which it retrieves the apostacy of man. The vouchsafement of pardon is in strict conformity with the claims of justice. Pardon is dispensed, because, in the death of Christ, a moral equivalent is offered to God. In the redress secured to Heaven, we

have the warrant of man's forgiveness. All potency and virtue, in this respect, connect with the death of Christ. The Cross vindicates the Divine government, and condemns the offence of man, in the very act of providing for his recovery. Such is the comprehensive import of the Cross of Christ. We cannot, indeed, think of the Cross of Christ, without being reminded of his subjection to the common lot of our kind and race, the veritable organization, the actual sojourn, the humblest form, the severest pressure, and, finally, the closing scene of humanity upon earth!

In accordance with such preliminary views, the Scriptures, in different forms and places, introduce the Cross as a revelation of truth—an exhibition of the will and the wisdom of God.

The Cross of Christ, in this aspect, is a conception unsuggested in any of the thousand fields of human knowledge, or this world's wisdom. It is a new phase—a new complexion—presenting a sublime originality of thought and purpose, to which the human

mind was before, not only unaccustomed, but an entire stranger. It needs a system, in which a dispensation of pardon accompanies the infliction of punishment. It is the grand ground-conception of man's redemption. In the whole series of the Divine revelations, this is the fullest, the most direct disclosure of the moral character of God. It derives no suffrage, except subordinately, from human experience. In no primary sense, could the imagination of man vision or reach it. The splendor of its revelations absorbs and obscures all that has gone before! The silence of eternity, affecting the destiny of man, is first broken in connection with the Cross! The heavens are thrown open, and the long hidden glories of immortality, first brought to view, in the field of its vision! How all-comprehensive are its relations and bearings! It presents us with the elements and incentives of law and order, of duty and endeavor. It is inclusive alike, of the Sacrament of Eden and the Decalogue of Sinai—the law and the prophets of earlier, and the grace and the truth of later

times; in a word, the essential principles of all law and all religion!

The Cross, as typing the death and sufferings of Christ, connects directly with moral offence and atonement for sin. The Cross was the altar of propitiation, and the day in which he terminated his life upon it, the great day of the world's atonement. The Cross thus became an exhibition of the truth and goodness of God—his justice and benevolence. It reminds us of sin, and calls to repentance. It represents the whole mediatorial constitution. By it, forgiveness and return are offered to our revolted planet. In turning to the sacrifice of the Cross, it is seen that the displeasure of heaven rested upon the burden, not the bearer. He who knew no sin, became a sin-offering for those who knew no righteousness—the guilty millions of an alienated world.

What a god-like effacement of guilt do we connect with the great propitiation of the Cross! Viewing man in relation to the offended law-giver, there is no right of access or weight of plea, without it. Without it,

there is no crucifixion of our nature, to the world and sin. There is no removal of the internal virus, or external infection of a sinful nature. It is this alone which, upon condition of repentance and faith, reverses the sentence of deserved expulsion from God and heaven. To man, it is the great characteristic test of the administration of Deity, as regards obedience or rebellion. It shows how God must deal with a world, when it strays from its moral orbit. It speaks the double language of offended majesty and relenting kindness.

The Cross is also presented to our notice, and claims our regard, as a centre and means of moral influence. Its light and influence are in remedy of the great original ruin of our moral nature. It implies interposition, rebuke, and discipline. Its principles, as it regards our fallen nature, are those of counteraction and control. With what sublime offensiveness does it stand opposed to all that is evil! And it is in this way, the purposes of the Cross redeem the shame of its repulsive adjuncts. The Cross stands in conventional connection with

sin, as the occasion of its interposition; and yet in eternal estrangement from it, as the means of redeeming man from its fearful liabilities.

The revelations of the Cross belong to the world. Already the myriad tribes of earth stand in awe of its story, as its light is culminating upon a thousand lands! It is throwing the power of a rare attraction into every language, and all the forms of thought it may be used to type. Look at the might and majesty of New Testament truth; the vigor and effectiveness of apostolic ministrations; the deep seated masculine energy of the reformation; the glow and power of religious revival; the intense impulsion of missionary ardor! The Cross alone accounts for these results. The publication, indeed, of Christianity, in any form, by its heaven-sent messengers, or the Church at large, is but "the preaching of the Cross."

To the world's perception, the religion of the Cross, viewed as a method of recovery, was improbable and unattractive. It suggested the idea of defeat and stigma. Humiliation and shame were felt to attach to it. To the

eagerness of early hope, succeeded the violence of after disappointment. It implied opprobrium and offence, beyond any thing the common conceptions of mankind had prepared them for. That death should give character to a religion of any kind, was, in itself, improbable; but that a mode of death, the most painful and revolting, should add lustre and attraction to this religion, was a supposition bordering on absurdity. It was in extreme dissonance with the prevailing views and taste of that and every age—in direct conflict with all the current tendencies of thought and feeling; and infinitely unlikely to command the world's approval. In this way, the Cross becomes the great contra-distinctive constituent of the Christian system. It stands out as the title and basis of the whole mediatorial function, and the one great theme of testimony and exhibition, on the part of its ministers and converts. It not only gives originality and distinctiveness to the entire system of gospel truth; but is, in fact, the great pillar of its historic memories over the whole field of its achievements! Despite its aspects

of repulsion, the Cross of Christ is the crown and emphasis of the whole scene of his advent —the entire drama of his manifestation in the flesh! The death of the Cross illustrated a living and responsible course of action, on the part of the Son of God. It was equally a revelation of hope and of duty to man. It spreads out a field for all supernatural announcements, affecting his immortality. It brings him in direct relationship with the powers and interests of eternity. In view of which, each one of us sustains to the Cross a relation not to be dissolved by the vicissitudes of time, or the thunder and earthquake of the last day.

The entire system of the Gospel, in all its parts and bearings, spreads out around the Cross, like a circumference about a common centre. Even angelic illumination could not save, without the light and grace of the Cross! Apart from the Cross, all means are without efficacy. In every moral aspect, it gives direction to the character and history of the world. By the preaching of the Cross, motive and influence, direct and intelligible, are brought to

bear on all who hear or learn. The Cross is really the topic—the subject of allusion and illustration, in view of all that Christianity means or achieves. Thought and feeling are attracted to it, as a mysterious distant centre, always bright and vital with the light and life of truth! The preaching of the Cross has not only sown the wastes of earth and time, with the seeds of virtue and immortality; but its harvests are already waving upon the fields of eternity! A thousand systems of effort and influence, different in character, and various in range and diameter, are found circling the Cross, as the great central type of moral excellence! We cannot limit its relations, bearings, or influence. It is comprehensive alike of the ties and disparity, and measures the distance and difference between heaven and earth—God and men!

True allegiance to the Cross of Christ implies a fearless maintenance of the purity and integrity of gospel truth, without gloss or concealment. The Cross is the great medium of moral manifestation, and can only be seen in

its own light. It is the comprehension and pledge of all truth, and every good. How deep in interest—how rich in glory—is every view of it presented by Christianity! All the strength and glory of its verities connect with the Cross. Those who study Christianity in the New Testament, will find the Cross the capitol figure of its representations—the distinguishing type of all its averments. Truths the most God-like, and facts the most stupendous, all having reference to it, are brought to light, and challenge our confidence! Let the great Apostle of Christianity be our examplar in this regard. Whether on the Acropolis, with its burden of temples and sculpture—surrounded by the sternness of power and the insolence of state, or meeting the shout of scorn and the scowl of defiance, amid the gorgeous piles of Ephesus and Corinth: whether in the bowers of wealth, or the courts of kings, before imperial tribunals, or in the household of Cæsar—in conflict with philosophy, proud and scornful; or fanaticism, fierce and doting in every situation —before whatever audience, true to his errand,

and irrevocable in purpose, we find him shut up to the necessity, and fearlessly committed to the report and proclamation, in his own words, the preaching of "Christ crucified!"

We preach the Cross, as distinctive of the life and riches of Christianity. It is the great study and standard of moral action, with all true ministers of Christ, and members of his Church. It inspires the lofty purpose, and nerves for the strenuous deed. It stirs every depth, and unbinds all the latent energies of mind. It witnesses for itself! Every thing is seen in its true light, in the field of the Cross. Man sees himself—apart, individualized, and personally responsible, amid the millions surrounding him. It is the medium of the heart's elevation to things above. Here are the means of remedy, and the powers of healing! It is the only thing on this side heaven, worthy our time and study, because the only ground on which acquittal can proceed in the last great trial of humanity! It is the discriminating badge of the true glory and interest of Christianity—the great rudimental germ of the

Christian system. It is seen in the centre, and upon the horizon of every sphere of charity, or range of effort. It is seen in the seeds of time, and the visions of prophecy. It blends with the work of the past, and the hopes of the future. It unites ages and nations, in one great struggle, for the moral welfare of the world!

The Cross, is the true exponent and illustration of the whole costly and fearful apparatus of the law. The whole assemblage of types and shadows, and ritual appointments, belonging to all preceding dispensations, owed their only significance to the infinite value of the great sacrifice of the Cross. The entire system of types and shadows—the whole panorama of prophetic vision, must always be unintelligible without the Cross. Both, and all, point to the Cross as their substance and completion—as a manifestation of Godhead, more stupendous in glory, and thrilling in interest, than all that God beside has done for man! Thought itself is awed into reverent submission by the grandeur of the Cross, and can only ask, "Which, what, whence? how just,

how good, how vast!" Even the seraph, with his reach of thought, and his gaze of fire, cannot penetrate the all of its meaning! The glory of the Shekinah is no longer visible; the Urim and Thummim have ceased as guides; the Bath Kol is silent; angelic visits no longer cheer humanity upon its path of trial; but, thank God, the Cross and the Paraclete remain! Hope and immortality connect with this conviction. It is, indeed, the great well-spring of strength and consolation with the Christian believer.

Just conceptions of the Cross of Christ give warrant and lustre to every Christian virtue. The great exemplar is presented to our notice, as co-ordinate in rank and nature with the Infinite! And such, in connection with the Cross, we always preach the great Avenger and Repairer of human wrong. How dissimilar the conditions of his being, as revealed in his word! He is, in very truth, both God and man. He, in his own right, stands in the place of man to God, and of God to man. In the one aspect, he removes the fearful difficulty interposed by

the character and government of God; while, in the other, he meets the hopeless exigence and hazard of man's condition and want. It is this, and this alone, that can still the heart-throb—hush the muttering lip of guilt, or soothe the agony of death. Affecting this great truth, every beam of prophetic vision—all the rays of heavenly light, fall upon the Cross, as the grand mystic symbol, having in custody the way of human salvation.

The Cross is the symbol, too, of Messiah's chieftaincy and warriorship, as the great Captain of our salvation; and especially as connected with the Church's aggressive movements to reclaim the world to God. It is the sublime designation of his dominion over the nations. It is by the Cross he triumphs over principalities and powers. It is the Cross fixes our attention upon an administration of mediatorial mercy; reaching our world, in all its divisions and ages, and including the whole burden of its families and nations.

Faith turns to the Cross, as a simplification of all the glories of Christianity. And may

God so turn your hearts, while we point you to it! Whether upon the platform of this world's activities, or the eternal retributions awaiting its generations, it is the last refuge—the only hope—the true glory of our ruined nature The mystery of the Cross implies the ruin of our nature by sin; God's abhorrence of it; the divine purpose to punish, and yet forgive sin, in connection with the great sacrifice of Calvary; and hence we essay, in all our ministrations, and however feebly, to uplift the Cross before you, in all the undespoiled grandeur of its import and meaning!

To many, all this may be foolishness. Convinced, however, that this is rarely, if ever, teh case, except with such as reject the grand and mysterious only to embrace the absurd and the ridiculous, we proceed to other views of the subject.

The doctrine of the Cross is a declaration of man's utter inability to help himself. He is without power to afford himself the relief he needs. The revelation of the Cross comes to his aid. It teaches, alike, the ruin and the

restoration of man. It secures the vindication of law, and yet removes its curse. It reminds us of the original dignity—the subsequent woe and want of our nature, and throws us forward upon the boundless reversions of the future! It meets the proud bent and high cravings of man's nature, and magnifies that nature by restoring him to what he was before he fell! Man's utter helplessness is shown in view of the remedy. Turn, for example, to the religion of the Cross, as depicted by the genius of grief and prophecy, in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and how truly is it found to be one of trial and effort, of chastisement and want, of suffering and self-denial, and all but to exalt and save! In all its aspects its discipline is vital and executive, as the appointed means of virtue and reward. Many may recoil from it; but to what do you appeal in its stead? With all the denial and crucifixion of self, required by the Cross, however repulsive it may be to any, dare you throw upon the Cross a last look, and turn from it for ever! What intensity of evil can equal the heart's dread of its last

hope, or compare with its anguish, when the silence of that dread is broken, by what is not sound, but the appalling intention of utter eternal loss! The rather, we pray God you may ever feel, as did Paul, that man should only glory in the dreadless might of the Cross, because in that might all evil may be conquered! Here only is the great warrant of truth and discrimination, in approaching God for mercy, or standing before him in judgment!

Let us notice a little more particularly, if we can succeed in the attempt, the true moral power and impression of the Cross, with regard to those brought under its influence. As typing the only method of man's recovery, it is, in the apprehension of faith, the out-birth and offspring of the Infinite mind, and impresses us accordingly. Seen in the light of the Cross, the justice of God attracts, and his condescension awes! The Cross exhibits mercy upholding Divine right, and justice triumphant in the forgiveness of sin. Christ assumes and proves all this, when speaking of the Cross: he says,

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Such is the Cross, in its true character; and no reserve or disguise should be allowed to shroud or shadow it. It is the true secret of all the early and later triumphs of the Gospel. It is the only true evangelism of the pulpit. It is alike the firmament and the thunder of its power! But, in order to this, it must be seen in its true import and excellence. When the Cross degenerates into a mere sign or symbol, say, for example, the crucifix, it is at once evidence of surrender and compromise—depreciation and absurdity—it is a libel!

A Church or person, hanging out and parading the sign, without proper living illustration of its vital significance, should be regarded as a lie and a cheat by self-proclamation! Any attempt to bring down and adjust the Cross to the unsanctified attachments and associations of the world, by investing it with the fascinations of poetic sensibility, giving it a philosophic cast, or throwing it into historic shadow—thus representing it, what it is not, and never can be, should always be regarded as

sheer and shameless desecration! Of this description was the signal red cross of the Crusader, flaming upon the breast of countless hordes of fanatic marauding invaders, as in mad succession they flung themselves upon the bosom of unoffending Asia, amid the most murderous scenes of devastation and pillage! And such, too, was, and continues to be, the exhibition of the Black Cross, (as an eclipse between God and the human soul,) by the accursed Familiar, in the demon cells of the Inquisition!

It is the glory of Christianity to direct—to group and combine all her agencies and instrumentalities in vital connection with the Cross. It ranks first among the grand principles of the Christian system. It is the great miracle of moral government. It eclipses the renown of all that God ever did for man beside. How salient and sublime in all its aspects and bearings! Creation may present us with its heights and its depths—the out-spreading extensions of the universe; constellations may be seen only to fade in the presence of brighter; and our heaven arrest our gaze; but, to direct

attention to a higher, how feeble the impression, compared with any just conception of the Cross of Christ! In every such contrast we assert the incomparableness and grandeur of the Cross, as a revelation of the moral character of God!

How appositely does the Cross contrast the humiliation and triumph of Christ! In one aspect, the Cross represents him as discrowned and emptied—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In another, elevated to unlimited dominion—Almighty headship over all things! The Cross is alike the means and the monument of achievement and triumph. Abasement and suffering became the ground and reason of elevation. The Cross keeps constantly in view the contrasted facts of the humiliation and triumph of the world's Redeemer. An analogous arrangement also exists with regard to ourselves. The Cross puts us upon a probation of deep sorrow and anxious thought, only to afford us the means and warrant of final triumph. The interest and stress of its revelations connect with the utter helplessness of

our condition, together with the only and yet certain means of hope and relief.

The preaching and power of the Cross are without reference to man's external condition. The slave at his toil, and the beggar in his destitution — the masters of realms, or the humble and down-trodden of earth—purple pomp, or tattered want—Polar ice-hills, or Lybian sands—the glacier steep, or torrid crag —the city, or the waste—proud sway, or thankless servitude—are distinctions unknown to the Cross! Omniscient equity has decided that Jew and Gentile, circumcision and uncircumcision, bond and free, lose all distinctive differences in the light of the Cross. Its benign impartiality includes all in the same covenant of reconciliation. As Christian ministers, in preaching the lessons of the Cross, ours is a plain and simple task. We invoke no Delphic oracle—repair to no Olympian shrine—our inspiration is not imbibed amid the oaks of Dodona, or the shades of Academe. We preach the Cross, as the inauguration and announcement of the great covenant-condition

of man's salvation. "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned!" Our mission requires that we elevate the Cross and claim the world for Christ! And charged as we are with this great interest, we will, we can do no less! How had the world with its ages, and these again with their agonies, been different, and indeed, blest and blessings instead, had the law of the Cross been attended to! As it is, what grandeur has it not given to history—what intensity to truth! Its restraints, benign or retributive, extend to all; and all, with every case of claim or grievance, are girded by them! It is bound up with all the moral relations and interests of universal man. The true reading and potential character of the Cross discredit at once the vauntings of reason, and the dreams of merit. In its true original unaltered identity, it shames the dilutions of modern refinement, and mocks dependence upon a fabulous antiquity. It absorbs the glory of preceding dispensations It gives unity and tone to all the Divine plans and purposes. It teaches man—man every

where—and in whatever condition, that immortality should be his only care, and that properly cared for, the matchless power of the Cross, penetrating the depths and intimacies of his moral being, and seizing upon the master-springs of action, will so regulate the tendencies of his nature, as to give this world to oblivion, by a proper estimate of the next!

Thus submitted to, the Cross becomes the good and the glory of our nature. To possess the Cross, however, the mere sign or symbol, without the crucifixion of self and the world, involves all the treason of systematic betrayal. It is to cast off the distinctive peculiarity of the Cross entirely. It is hypocrisy too, as well as treason. A method of falsehood, giving it all the essence and enormity of fraud. It is to counterfeit the legend, and follow the augury of a standard, to which we do not belong. The true discipline of the Cross is one of check and counteraction. It wounds to heal, and humbles to exalt. Deep and salutary alarm precedes the assurance of reconciliation. It is the repulsion—the offence proper of the Cross, which

gives the starting point of human recovery. Its first lesson is to teach man to distrust himself. In every attempt to train your vision for the splendors of immortality, we begin with the Cross. We esteem and preach the reproach of Christ greater riches than aught God has given you in any other form! As the accents of derision and taunt jar on our ear, from the reprobate myriads of a world without God, we but ask, the more urgently, for an angel's tongue and seraph's zeal, to repeat and extend the story of the crucifixion! The Cross, intended by his murderers to fix a most revolting stain upon the character and religion of Christ, has, instead, fixed an eternal stigma upon sin, and all remaining under its influence; while upon the path and progress of the Christian, and about the throne and crown of Jehovah, it has poured a flood of rich and enduring splendor! The Cross deals a double death. We die to the world, and the world becomes dead to us. The world, sin, and self, are crucified. Sin is crucified by being subdued. Self by being renounced. The world by ceasing to attract.

Sin, self, and the world, are not to be propitiated by compromise; all is trial, conflict, and crucifixion. The true chivalry of the Cross is scorn of self, and consecration to the glory of Christ and the good of our kind. The Cross presents an economy of motives to be met with no where else; motives of tried power and demonstrated efficacy. Without the Cross the lamp of hope burns dim and sickly. There is every thing to confound, and nothing to encourage. The star and the mountain; the ocean and the cataract; the whole magnificent range of the Creator's workmanship, afford us no hope or help. Christ crucified is our only help, and that he will become to us "the wisdom of God and the power of God," our only hope. It is from the Cross we catch the light of eternity, as thrown in dim or dazzling ray athwart the night of time, or the darkness of despair!

The relations and influence of the Cross are many and vital; and we would, as far as may be, avouch all its great characteristics. It is alike the means and symbol of salvation. It embodies the wisdom and the love, the justice

and the mercy of God. It is the great centre of light and influence. It repels and attracts. Its aspects and functions are aggressive and potential. It is the medium of forgiveness and reconciliation. It moves heaven and earth. It is the one great doctrine to be taught—the most vital interest to be consulted—the all-absorbing plea to be urged. What, amid the madness and mockery of earth, can guide, console, and chasten, like the Cross! It has revelations none but the pure in heart can know. Its lessons can only be learned by the humble and contrite. If the wise wonder, or the strong sink—the fearless blench, or the feeble fall, let them look to the Cross for direction and strength! The most deserted of the world, the most hopeless of earth's unfriended exiles, as the redeemed of heaven, gather fresh power from the Cross, alike in weakness and danger—loneliness and want!

The gloom of grief; the smile of sorrow; the echo of a broken heart; the pressure of want; the anguish of desertion; bread bought with tears and toil; all these are within the

range of the help and hope afforded by the Cross: and who does not feel that opposition or indifference can only originate in misconceptions, and must as certainly end in failure and defeat?

Equally true is it of the Cross, that it is always accessible with its plenitude of energy, its undisturbed majesty, and the perfections of Godhead encircling it, like a sphere of splendor! Pilgrims of earth and time! What, beside the Cross of Christ, can be your pillar of light in this wilderness of dread? In every vicissitude of time and trial the power of the Cross remains the same. Compared with it, art dims, laws and letters, and even earth's congregated dynasties, are poor in resource! What object or event calls up such memories as the Cross! The faith and piety of ages have consecrated its achievements! Always, in every place, God's own day-light surrounds and invests it! The ever-recurring duties of a Christian life are but so many duplicatures of its lessons. Its effulgence hues every flower, and fires every gem of Christian virtue!

Would to God we had a ministry trained only in the school of the Cross! Look at the noble simplicity, the sublime honesty of apostolic preaching, in the exhibition of the Cross! The message of God's mercy, by means of the Cross, was the burden of every lesson. Minds of the strongest mould and firmest tension felt its power. The faith of the Pharisee, and the wisdom of the philosopher, gave way before its advance! No array of circumstances, or posture of intellect—no impulse of the multitude, or movement of the age, could turn it aside for a moment.

It was with them no astral light, but the sun in the heavens of the system. And so must it be with us—with you. Its comprehension and pre-eminence, with regard to all other truths and interests, must so arrest and engross you, as to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

The Cross of Christ—denoting alike the fact of his death, and the doctrine of the world's atonement, by means of it—when first preached on the day of Pentecost, struck a chord which

has been vibrating in the universe of mind ever since! The vibration is felt here, and by you, and is extending to distant nations and future ages! The Cross and the crucified are before us in all their original freshness of grandeur and claim! The majestic overwhelming attraction, thrilling the first beholders of the scene, is realized and repeated in the vision and impulse with which we recall it! Time and space, as it regards the power of the Cross, are without effect. Past and present offer no contrast. The Cross belongs alike to all time, and every place. Faith and impression makes us a party to the scene; the ground, even now, is trembling with the earthquake of the crucifixion! The cry of the centurion at Jerusalem becomes a part of the drama every where. So far from delay or failure, the glories of the Cross culminate as in the first burst of effulgence. All is vitality and effect, movement and progression! Well may we, as did Paul, obtest the name of God, and ask his interposition, against any other ground of trust or means of distinction!

Finally: Many and great have been the triumphs of the Cross; but much remains to be accomplished. Take the earth, with its ten hundred millions of children, and let every day be a Pentecost, with its three thousand converts; and even at this millenial rate, more than three hundred years would be required for the world's conversion! Are we ready for our share of the work? Ministers of Christ! Where are your tongues of fire, and words of flame? By intention of their appointment, Christian ministers are eminently men of one work, and they should keep to it! What that work is, we have seen, and would to God we felt it too! All is change and vicissitude about; the world's drama is unfolding; the games of life go on; passion and interest enslave their millions; but there stands the Cross! In deep and high allegiance to its claims, let its creed of love to God and charity in need be ours! Our position should always be determined by that of the Cross. Calling to one world, and pointing to another—an eminence commanding a view of both—the foot of the Cross should be our only point of

survey, in all the applications of influence and office! God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross! Preach it, then, messsengers of God! preach it; not as the mystic monogram of the Roscicrucian; not as it streamed in the folds of the Imperial Labarum; not as shrouded in the dead sanctities of ages, or shrined in the Pantheon of thought or letters; but "the wisdom of God, and the power of God." Let its ministers preach it, as the symbol of a living, not a vanished creed. Let them preach it, as achieving for all what no man can achieve for himself, or confer upon another! In this sign, and in no other, we conquer; nor can we doubt the issue, if faithful to our trust. Rob us not, then, earth or heaven; rob us not of a single foe! be it our glory to conquer all! The Cross is still shedding light on path and goal, just as it did when first pointed to by Paul; and to the ministry of the Cross, we would say, give to it the strength of youth and the honor of age! It will inspire you with the courage of true goodness, as nothing else can! Specially charged with the maintenance of this high

trust, blench not from the consecration and purpose of your work! With the shadow of the Cross upon the dial of your hopes, and awaiting the close of the struggle, to hang your shield upon it, and leave there the inscription—"All blessing, and by all blest," what more, have you to hope, or to fear! The Cross has moved in advance of the triumphs of mind for fifty generations, and yet upon every trial is exhibiting new and hidden powers! No craft can circumvent—no ignorance surprise—no failure betray, or emergence perplex—nothing can thwart its purposes, or defeat its final efficacy! Do your duty, and whatever else may happen, "conquering and to conquer" shall mark the progress of the conflict, and be the record of its close! Assured of the past and of the present, we cannot doubt as to the future. More than two hundred languages are embarked in its advocacy! Nations heed its lessons, and walk in its light! In this light, and from these lessons, they learn their duty and their mission! What interests, issues, or memories, will compare with those, storied about and in relation to the

Cross! Who can trace the deep descending lines of its influence! In its light, truth and example will travel on, until the triumph is complete; and the lofty fellowship and grand enrollment—the celestial wonders and temple inhabitation of the heavenly world, with all the room and verge of ever-unfolding progress, shall be seen to connect with the Cross, as did the virtues they reward! Our planet and its races do not limit the glory of the Cross. Other orders and relations of the universe must be taken into the account. From the Cross may be borne lessons of instruction to beings of whom we have no record! Thence light may be thrown upon distant centres of existence, of which we have never heard! Where is the far-off world, whose intelligence and virtue may not receive instruction and warning from the story of the Cross!

The remoter places of creation may open upon us in limitless expansion—range above range—vista beyond vista—and yet even here, thought and emotion thrill with the vibrations of its influence! This whole stupendous plat-

form, with its culmination of marvels, is but a majestic exhibition of intellectual grandeur, while the Cross presents us with a field and scene of moral manifestation, at once enthroning the perfections of Godhead in the heart of the worshipper, and blending the hopes of earth with the reversions of immortality!

Such is the Cross, and such some of the aspects in which it should be viewed! Nor might we stop here, but that thought and feeling, with lofty emphasis and burning ardor, transform the language of the text into that of triumph and acclaim; and the only utterance left us, worthy of our joy, is—the Cross! the Cross! Sharing alike in its glory, and lighted up with its splendor, let heaven and earth exchange the shout—the Cross! the Cross! Let the Church below, bought with the blood of the Lamb, and journeying upward to his seat, make it their song upon the road—the Cross! the Cross! Let the Church triumphant above catch the distant sound, and send it from vault to vault, through all the temples and pavilions of eternity —the Cross! the Cross! Let those majestic orbs

that, in peopled immensity, roll circling the throne of God, carry it through all their revolution—the Cross! the Cross! Let angels and archangels pass the rapturous acclaim—the Cross! the Cross! Raise it every voice—sound it every harp—the Cross! the Cross! From the last bounds of being—from world to world—from heaven to heaven—re-echo the Cross! the Cross! Martyrs for the testimony of the crucified; spirits of the just and the mighty; all beings; all natures; lift, lift the bold strain—the Cross! the Cross! Loud as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, raise, raise the overpowering symphony, until the innumerable systems—every column, and every dwelling place of universal being, shall vibrate with the triumphant acclamation—the Cross! the Cross! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and honor, and power and glory, for ever and ever!"

FACTS AND INCIDENTS

CONNECTED WITH THE

ILLNESS AND DEATH

OF

BISHOP BASCOM,

BY E. S.

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FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Much anxious solicitude is usually felt, in all Christian communities, respecting the closing events of human life; and, especially so, when the subject is known to have occupied a prominent position in society, or to have been distinguished in Church or State, on account of superior talents, extraordinary virtues, or eminent public services.

The mortal remains of the lamented Bishop Bascom had scarcely been committed to the tomb, when, from almost every section of this great confederacy, communications were received, by mail and telegraphic dispatch, calling for all the facts and incidents connected with this most afflictive dispensation of Providence. The sudden and unexpected death of this distinguished minister of the Cross of Christ was deeply and intensely felt, as well by the community at large, as by the Church to which he was more immediately attached.

At an early period, after the annunciation of this sad intelligence, a brief and imperfect account of his illness and death was drawn up, in the midst of much family affliction, and hastily submitted to the public through the medium of our Church periodicals. The circumstances under which that communication was prepared for the press, rendered it, no doubt, as unsatisfactory to the Church and the public generally, as it certainly was to myself.

At the earnest request of many intelligent and highly esteemed friends, I have, at length, consented to furnish for publication, a more full and detailed account of such occurrences, in the history of the "last days" of this great and good man, as may be distinctly recollected by myself and others. And, to the performance of this task, I have the more readily assented—whatever may be my incompetency in other regards—from the fact of my intimate, and almost perfect knowledge of every thing that transpired in connection with the case, during the whole period of his confinement. Not a day, nor scarcely an hour having elapsed, from the commencement to the termination of his attack, without my personal presence in his room, and most of the time, by his bed side.

The reader will, however, perceive, that I have aimed at nothing more than a plain and simple relation of facts. The very minute details, with which the

following pages will, probably, abound, must be attributed in the main, to my great anxiety to meet, as far as practicable, the *expressed wishes* of a numerous and highly respectable class of the Bishop's devoted and ardent friends.

Bishop Bascom arrived in Louisville, on his return from Independence, Mo., the seat of the St. Louis Conference, at an early hour of the day, August 2nd, 1850; but not being in time to secure a passage in any of the stages for Lexington that day, he entered his name, and paid his fare for the next morning, and came directly to the Book Room. We were greatly delighted to see him. His safe return, under the circumstances, was hailed by us all with many expressions of gratitude and affectionate regard. Five weeks before he had left our city *en route* for the seat of the Conference, above named: the first in the range of his episcopal work for the year; and the first, as well as the last, over which he ever presided. The *cholera*, at that time, had just made its appearance on the western waters. Much solicitude was felt for his safety. The subject having been mentioned in his presence, he calmly replied, "I am not unmindful of the perils to which I shall, probably, be exposed; but I must take protection under the old and well-attested maxim: '*The path of duty is the way of safety.*'"

Through the politeness of the very gentlemanly clerk of the Steamer, on which he embarked for St. Louis, we had learned that, soon after leaving our wharf, the cholera broke out among the deck passengers. There was some medicine, but no regular physician on board. Much excitement and alarm prevailed. Up to this time, Bishop Bascom had been regarded, by many, as rather exclusive, and somewhat forbidding in his deportment and manners. But, on being informed that this fearful destroyer had made its appearance among the passengers below, he immediately tendered his services, both as physician and nurse, to all who were supposed to be in need of assistance. In a word, such had been his kindness and attention to the sick and dying, that, before they reached St. Louis, he was regarded by all on board, not only as among the greatest and best of men, but as a successful practitioner, *in the treatment of cholera.*

This was all the information that had been received concerning him, from the time we gave him the parting hand, on board the St. Louis Packet, up to the morning of his arrival in our city. The trip—as we had expected, and as we now learned from his own lips—had been one of much privation, exposure, and mental anxiety. Such had been the press of business, and the incessant demands on his time and attention, that,

with the exception of a brief note or dispatch to his wife, he had not written a single line to any of his numerous friends in Kentucky, or elsewhere, during his absence.

Never did we see him in, apparently, better health and spirits. He spoke of the trip and its occurrences, with much more than ordinary interest; and of the Conference, its members, business, &c., in terms of the highest commendation. He said, that he had enjoyed most excellent health, during the whole period of his absence, until that morning, while passing through the canal, he had been taken quite unwell—had eaten no breakfast—but felt something better.

After our first interview, in which we were favored with a pretty full and circumstantial account of his tour, the following notice of his return, labors, &c., was prepared for the Louisville Christian Advocate, and was accordingly, published in that paper of August 10th.

"Bishop Bascom reached this city on Friday morning, the 2nd inst., on his return from the St. Louis Conference, at Independence, Mo. Owing to unavoidable detentions on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, arising from the prevalence of cholera and other causes, he did not succeed in reaching the seat of the Conference until Saturday, the 13th ultimo. The Session is represented as having been one of unusual interest, and much good feeling; and, it is confidently believed, that the business was transacted to the entire satisfaction of the great body of both

preachers and people. We also learn that, after the close of the session, the Bishop availed himself of the privilege of visiting the Fort Leavenworth Manual Labor School, under the superintendence of our excellent brother, the Rev. Thomas Johnson. It is scarcely necessary to say, that he was much gratified with his visit to this flourishing institution. He represents it as being in a healthful and prosperous condition; and, in every respect, worthy of the confidence and patronage of all who desire the civilization, moral improvement, and religious welfare of the Indian tribes, for whose benefit the school was originally established, and is still sustained.

The Bishop was greatly delighted with the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of primitive Methodism, which, he thinks, has been, and is still being evinced by the members of the Conference. In fine, he has made the tour under circumstances the most unfavorable, in the midst of disease and death; but, through the abundant mercy of God, his life has been preserved, and he returns home, bearing with him sentiments of the highest regard for those with whom his lot has been cast, and with feelings of the most affectionate gratitude, for the numerous acts of Christian courtesy and kindness which he received at the hands of all with whom he was associated during his absence. We also learn, that he had the privilege of preaching to large and attentive congregations, at Weston, Lexington, Boonville, and St. Louis, as well as at Independence, during his tour. Long may he live, as an honor to the ministry, and as a blessing to the Church, in the present important relation that he sustains." E. S.

Declining the numerous invitations of his brethren to dine, on the ground of indisposition, the Bishop con-

tinued in the Book Room, during the principal part of the day. He, however, asked for no pen, ink, and paper, as was his custom when in the office; evidently manifesting a disposition to devote himself, exclusively, to conversation and social intercourse with his brethren and friends, who were constantly calling in to see him. Perceiving, in the course of the afternoon, that he was more unwell than we had supposed, I insisted on his going out to my house, and trying to get a comfortable night's repose. He readily assented, on the condition of my seeing the stage agent, and giving him the necessary information on the subject, as it would not do for him to be left the next morning. On reaching my residence, he was urged to go directly to his room, and lie down. But he said, "No, take me to the coolest spot on your premises, and let me sit down; for I want to have a good, old-fashioned talk with Sister Stevenson."

He was conducted to the back porch—took his seat on the lounge, and began to converse with his usual cheerfulness. It was, however, soon discovered, that he was not able to sit up, and we again insisted on his retiring to his room. But he still said, "No," and added, "if you will permit me to take off my coat and boots, I will lie down here, and try to rest myself." There being no objection, of course, he did so; and having, with some little assistance,

adjusted himself according to his wishes, he said, "This is the most comfortable position I have been in for a week."

During the remainder of the afternoon, he appeared quite cheerful, and conversed freely and affectionately with all who approached him; not neglecting the servants, to whom he never failed to speak in words of kindness, and with whom he was always a very great favorite.

At the ringing of the bell for supper, he rose up quickly, and said, "Well, I must go in and try to eat: Sister S—— never wants any *idlers* about her." He, accordingly, made the attempt, but in vain. Dropping his knife and fork, and looking us full in the face, he said, "I can't eat, after all; Sister S—— you must excuse me—I must lie down." He was immediately conducted to his room; and, after assisting him to bed, he desired me to return in the course of half an hour. I did so—gave him some medicine that had been prescribed by Dr. Bright; and, at his special request, remained with him till near ten o'clock. He conversed with much freedom in relation to some business matters, in which he manifested great interest. When about to leave his room, finding his pulse much excited, I suggested, that, in case he was not decidedly better, in the morning, it would be very improper for him to think

of leaving. He promptly replied, "*I must go—I must go home.*"

At four o'clock the next morning, being aroused by the stage horn, I hastened to his room—found him awake, though still in bed. Supposing that he had abandoned the idea of leaving that day, I proposed going out and requesting the driver to call for him the next morning; but he said, "No, no." I insisted on his remaining in bed, assuring him that he was in no condition to travel. He still said, raising his head from the pillow, "I *must go*—Stevenson, *I must go home.*" With much difficulty, we, at length, succeeded in getting him seated in the stage. As he extended the parting hand, he said, with a tremulous voice, "Tell all good by."

In the course of an hour we were again called up, by the ringing of the front bell. I went directly to the door, and, on opening it, to my great astonishment, found the Bishop reclining on the steps—his trunk and baggage on the pavement. He was much exhausted, and spoke with difficulty. Having succeeded in getting him back to his room, I proposed sending for a physician. He assented, and requested me to call in Drs. Bright and Pirtle, with both of whom he had long been personally acquainted.

The call was promptly made, and as promptly met. His case was calmly and carefully considered; and such

remedies, as were deemed proper, duly administered. The general impression, however, was, that a little medicine, and a few days' rest, would effectually restore him.

During the early part of the day he complained but little. In the afternoon he appeared much better—was unusually cheerful, and gave us, in substance, the following somewhat humorous account of what had occurred that morning, in his attempt to get off in the stage.

"Soon after leaving the Galt House," he said, "the stage being crowded almost to suffocation, he was taken very sick, and vomited several times." The *cholera*, it should be recollected, was still lingering in the city. The inquiry was soon started, and, in a little time became rife throughout the stage—"What's the matter? what's the matter with that man?" At length a gentleman, occupying a seat immediately before him, turning round, inquired with much more than ordinary interest,—"What's the matter?" "I am sick—*very sick*," was the Bishop's reply. "But don't you think," continued the gentleman, "you have got the *cholera?*" "I cannot tell," said the Bishop, "though I should rather think not." "Well," said the affrighted stranger, "if you've not got it, you've something very much like it, and I shall not be astonished, if we all take it, for I believe it's catching." A true bill was soon found

against him. All on board, himself only excepted, appearing most anxious to concur in the opinion, that he certainly had the *cholera*, and should, by all means leave the stage, at the earliest possible moment. Finding himself utterly unable to proceed, he expressed a willingness to comply with their wishes, provided he could be brought back to my house. The stage, now in the suburbs of the city, was soon stopt, and all hands, irrespective of his proviso, were most anxious to assist in depositing both him and his luggage by the way side. But just as the driver was preparing to start, not knowing what had occurred, one of the passengers said—"Gentlemen, this won't do; I shall not consent to leave this sick man here in the dark, to die like a beast on the commons." A sharp controversy immediately sprang up between him and some of the company, who had been most active in getting him out of the stage. The driver, at this juncture, perceiving that some matter of dissention had taken place among the passengers, came down from his seat, and, after looking on, and listening for a few moments, said, "I believe he's got the *cholera*, and it won't do to leave him here." "What, then," said one of the company, "will you do with him?" "What will I do with him?" replied the driver, with an air of evident indignity, "Why, sir, take him back, at the risk of my life." Which he accordingly did, no one presuming to object.

Late in the evening of that day, he proposed starting home the next morning, as he felt so much better. His physicians, however, objecting, he said no more on the subject. The next day came, and still the next, but with no visible change for the better, in his condition.

After the lapse of a week or more, he desired me to sit down by his bed-side. Having done so, he said, "Brother S——, I am no better; my disease, be it what it may, is still untouched. The Doctors have done the best they could; but, after all, I am disposed to think, the nature of my case is not understood—I do not understand it myself. One thing is certain, it has not been arrested by any of the remedies that have been employed; nor do I believe it can be, by any to which they may resort. I have the same distressing pain in my head, the same misery in my stomach and bowels, the same total loss of appetite and disrelish for food of every description; and, worse than all, the same excessive languor, and utter insensibility to every thing about me, which I had in the commencement. The truth is, I have been strangely brought to believe that, *I must die!* My temporal matters are not as I could wish, though I shall try to be resigned to the will of Providence."

When about to leave his room, I remarked that, if it were his desire, the attending physicians, I had no doubt, would take great pleasure, in calling to their

assistance any additional counsel that he might wish. "For his own part," he said, "he was perfectly willing to trust his life, so far as human instrumentality was concerned, in the hands of his brethren; but, in view of all the interests involved, it might, perhaps, be best to have the advice of some other professional gentlemen: that he had no choice to make, but wished his physicians to be satisfied." Doctors Theodore S. Bell and Lewis Rodgers — gentlemen of known and acknowledged medical skill and reputation—were invited to assist in the further treatment of his case. And never did physicians more fully and faithfully discharge the very responsible and arduous duties of their profession. By day and by night, they were found at their posts, diligently watching and intensely studying the nature and progress of the disease, with which they had been called to contend, and over which they so anxiously sought to obtain the mastery. The failure of success, in the treatment of Bishop Bascom's case, must be attributed, under the superintendence of an inscrutible Providence, to the stern and inflexible nature of his malady, and to no want of skill or attention on the part of his able and indefatigable physicians.

Although he manifested but little disposition to engage in conversation with his brethren and friends; he, however, always appeared to be highly delighted

with their company, and frequently spoke of their visits with much heart-felt gratitude. To all who approached him, he extended his hand with the usual expressions of courtesy and kindness. No one, however humble or obscure, ever left his room, having cause to complain that, he had been treated with indifference or neglect.

Great solicitude was felt throughout the entire community, on his account. With most of the older class of citizens, he had long been personally and intimately acquainted, having been the first Methodist preacher ever regularly stationed in this city; while to hundreds and thousands of others, his name had been favorably known and highly appreciated for many years, as well on account of his noble and generous virtues, as for his superior talents and commanding eloquence. The most of his former friends, whether in or out of the Church, found it convenient to call and see him during his illness. The utmost anxiety was manifested by all for his recovery. Each seemed to vie with each, in acts of kindness and attention. Little as he may have said, by way of acknowledgement, to those who ministered to his comfort, no human heart ever felt more deeply the emotions of sincere and unaffected gratitude, than his—"The cup of cold water" extended to him, was not permitted, in this respect, to lose "its reward." Judge P——, an

old acquaintance, and a gentleman of high respectability and moral worth, having spent an hour or more by his bed side, the Bishop remarked, on his leaving the room, "What an excellent man he is! I have always loved and admired him." But here he paused. The tears were silently stealing down his cheeks. After a momentary silence, he proceeded: "It grieves me very much to think, that my afflictions should become the source of affliction to my friends." The Judge had, evidently, labored to conceal the deep feelings of his heart; but they had not escaped the piercing glance of the Bishop's keenly observing eye. At another time, he said, "My friends—Oh, my friends! if they could but cure me by kindness, I should soon be well; but they cannot do it."

He spoke of his wife and children with much tenderness and affection: especially when the subject of sending for them was mentioned in his presence. On the arrival of his wife, the fact was promptly, though prudently communicated to him. He was greatly excited, and expressed a desire that a little time should be allowed him to adjust his feelings. Their meeting, though marked with much calmness and self-possession, was, nevertheless, most solemn and affecting. From the hour of her arrival, up to the final termination of his afflictions in death, her attention was most devoted and untiring.

Never did a wife more assiduously or affectionately administer to the "wants and woes" of a dying husband.

As his end drew near, there was a manifest increase of strength and perceptive energy, in all his external senses. Such was the acuteness of his taste, that he could detect, as if by intuition, the slightest additions or variations in any of his medicines or refreshments. His sense of hearing, too, became so strangely invigorated, that he could distinctly understand the most suppressed whispers, in any part of his room. A good brother said to me, in a remote corner of his apartment, "As he is, evidently, no better, I think the Homeopathic treatment should now be tried." After he retired, the Bishop said, "I shall not, willingly, submit to a change of the practice, in my case. If the regular physicians cannot cure me, I shall certainly die in the hands of others." "What!" said I, "did you hear the remark of brother H——?" "Hear him," said he," I hear every thing." On another occasion, supposing him to be asleep, an allusion was made, in a deeply suppressed tone of voice, to some very unkind reflections which had just appeared in a Northern Methodist print. He suddenly opened his eyes, and, after a short pause, having, evidently, understood all that had been said, remarked, with much deliberation and earnestness, "Well, it is to be

hoped that, when I am dead and gone, my revilers will cease this cruel warfare on my principles and reputation. I have acted, throughout this whole controversy, under an imperative sense of duty; and, bating the use of a few terms, have nothing to regret—nothing to retract. I must, therefore, be allowed to indulge the hope, that when I am no more of earth, my name and character may be permitted to repose in peace. I have suffered much wrong and injustice at the hands of those, whose lawless measures I have been compelled, as an honest man, to resist. But I forgive—freely do I forgive, as I pray God to forgive us all." He was much affected, and so were we all. Having assured him of our deep regret, that any thing should have been said to agitate and afflict him, in his feeble and prostrate condition, we retired, leaving him in tears.

Owing to a constitutional delicacy, to which had been added, in early life, a deeply rooted abhorrence of every thing having the semblance of empty profession and ostentatious display in religion, he had, for many years, too seldom, perhaps, spoken out, in relation to his own personal enjoyments. And now, that he was confined to his dying pillow, the same peculiarity still marked his history. On several occasions, however, when alone with him in his room, the subject of religion was introduced by himself,

though with much apparent diffidence and humility. In these conversations, he always expressed the most unshaken confidence in the Divine origin and consequent truth of Christianity. Touching his own condition and prospects, he disclaimed, in the most emphatic terms, all dependence on himself, trusting alone for salvation in the merits of Christ.

A fire having been kindled in his apartment, he said to me, in a very familiar and affectionate tone of voice, "If I am not mistaken, the first fire ever made in that grate was for my accommodation?" Having answered in the affirmative, I remarked, "And you are the first individual who ever slept in this room." "I believe," said he, "you call this *my* room?" I replied; "We do," and added, "while we live, or continue to occupy the house, it will always bear *your* name." "There is something," said he, "very singular about it. I have slept but two nights elsewhere, when in this city, for the last four years; and here, I am strangely led to believe, I shall die." "Do you really think so?" said I. He answered, "Yes, I have thought so all the while, when able to think for myself." He spoke with much confidence in relation to his future happiness, and professed the most satisfactory assurance of his acceptance with God. It is proper, however, to remark, that, in all he said, there was an air of unaffected

humility and self-abasement. The mercy of God, as revealed in Christ, was his only and all-sufficient plea—the sure and firm foundation on which he reposed all his hopes of immortality and eternal blessedness.

Having, at another time, referred to a communication that had been made by Bishop Roberts, when supposed to be at the point of death, in this city, during the winter of ——, and especially to that part of it, in which he had said—"On the near approach of death, as, in all my past life, I can discover no rock of hope on which to rest my weary spirit, but Jesus Christ, as revealed in the Gospel; and should I be so happy as to obtain some humble seat in Heaven, it will never cease to be true of me, that I am but a sinner saved by grace"—a solemn pause ensued; after which, he said, "True, true; how true it is, that all our help and hope is of God, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ."

Subsequently, he remarked, that the Methodist Church had never been honored and blessed with a purer and better man in the Episcopacy, than Bishop Roberts; and added, "But for his timely interposition in my behalf, I know not what would have become of me. I have long regarded him as *my ecclesiastical saviour*." He would have said more, but his heart was too full to proceed. At length, he said, though

still greatly excited, "I hope to be associated with him again, where envy and strife, affliction and pain, will never come."

During the last week of his earthly existence, I remarked to him, that I was about to mail some letters to Bishop Andrew, at Parkersburg, the seat of the Western Virginia Conference, and asked him, if he had any communications that he wished made to the Bishop. He looked at me with much earnestness, and said, "Yes, say to Bishop Andrew, that I am utterly prostrate, with but little, if any, hope of recovery; that I am wholly incapable of thinking or acting correctly on any subject. But tell him, from me, that my whole trust and confidence is in Almighty Goodness, as revealed in the Cross of Christ." These last words were uttered in a most solemn and impressive manner. My recollection of the very extraordinary and almost superhuman intonations of his voice, is too distinct and vivid ever to be erased from my memory.

When prayer was proposed in his room, as it frequently was, during the earlier stages of his illness, he always promptly assented; and when not writhing in agony, or prostrate with fever, he never failed to join in the petitions with much interest and feeling. On entering his apartment, at a late hour in the evening, a few days before his death, and finding him

unusually calm, and apparently free from pain—the most of the family being present, and the Rev. Dr. Linn sitting by his bed-side—I asked him if he wished Brother Linn to pray with him before he left. He said, "Certainly." We all knelt down—the prayer was commenced with great solemnity—a spirit of deep feeling soon pervaded the little circle—every heart was greatly moved—but none more deeply than that of our beloved Bishop. Such was the fervency of his devotions, that, contrary to his custom, he responded audibly to almost every petition that ascended to the throne of the heavenly grace. It was a season of the special out-pouring of the Spirit of Almighty God. After Brother Linn had retired, he spoke of the prayer as among the most appropriate and happy appeals to the Most High that he had ever heard. During the early part of the night, he again referred to "that most extraordinary prayer"—its singular adaptation to his peculiar circumstances, and to the benefit which he had received under it.

Throughout the whole period of his painful and protracted illness, he was never known to utter a murmuring or complaining word. Though constitutionally nervous and excitable, he endured his afflictions, from first to last, with that manly fortitude and Christian resignation, for which he had been so

long and so justly distinguished. Confiding implicitly and alone in the protection and blessing of Almighty God, he bore himself, amid the fearful agonies of the conflict, with the same firmness of purpose, and composure of spirit, which he had displayed in all his former life, when called to contend with serious difficulties, or to battle with formidable oppositions. He was never more truly himself. And never did we witness such an exhibition of his goodness and greatness, as when, by countless acts and deeds, he proclaimed to all with whom he had to do, that "none of these things move him." There was, at times, a solemn majesty in his sufferings, which no human language can adequately describe. As in life, so in death, he looked aloft, and conquered by *silent submissive endurance!* That he may, in a few instances, under the torturings of disease, have evinced some slight degree of restlessness, and, occasionally, perhaps, have spoken with something more than ordinary point, is quite probable; we, however, always found him perfectly composed, self-possessed, and, when spoken to, entirely rational.

For several days prior to the evening of September 7th, but little, if any, variation, had been discovered in his condition. During that night, however, there was a manifest change for the worse, in his symptoms. He complained of much oppression in his chest—

breathed with difficulty—and slept but little. At an early hour on Sabbath morning, September 8th, I found him much exhausted, and, as I thought, rapidly sinking. On taking him by the hand, he opened his eyes, and looked at me attentively. I asked him how he felt? He said, "Badly—very badly." I recited the first and second verses of the 46th Psalm—"*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea*"—but added not a word by way of comment. He calmly *nodded* his assent. It was a scene of inexpressible sadness and sorrow! The chill of death had already seized upon his extremities; and his pulse beat faint and tremulous.

It was now manifest that his end was *just at hand.* Dr. Bright being the oldest physician present, and a local minister of the Church, it was suggested that he should announce to the Bishop, if he were not already aware of the fact, that he could live but a few hours, at most; and, if possible, ascertain, from his own lips, the true state of his mind, in this last and most fearful of all earthly conflicts. He readily assented; and, after stating to him, with much tenderness and evident emotion, that he could not possibly survive but a short time, he

asked him, directly, if his confidence in God, his Saviour, was still strong and unshaken? To which he promptly replied, with great earnestness and self-possession, "*Yes! yes!* YES!" This was enough. In a single word he said every thing, respecting his faith and hope, that the Church or the world could possibly desire.

He was evidently in the full possession of all his mental faculties. Never did his noble brow, and full orbed eye evince a higher degree of intellectual strength and vigor. There was a sublimity and loftiness of bearing in the whole contour of his face. An indescribable brightness gleamed out in every expression of his countenance. The scene was overwhelming. We gazed in silent awe and melancholy pleasure on a face which we had always admired, though never, till then, had we seen it clothed with such inimitable beauty, perfection, and loveliness. We had hoped to hear him speak yet once more of "Jesus and the resurrection," of immortality and eternal blessedness; but in this we were disappointed. The attempt was made—again and again did he essay to speak; but, alas! the power of articulation had fled for ever. Finding himself unable to give utterance to the mighty tide of thought and feeling, with which his bosom heaved, he drew himself up on his pillow, and, gently raising his head, he gave us a last, intelligible, parting *look*—and

such a look!—a look that spoke a final adieu to earth, and proclaimed the readiness of a soul immortal to take its upward flight, to "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Perceiving that the momentous crisis had come, as if moved by some invisible power, we all at once, bowed around his dying bed, and while we were thus engaged in silent, solemn prayer to Almighty God, without a struggle or a groan, he sweetly breathed his last. Well hath the Poet said:—

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
> Quite on the verge of heaven."

At ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, September 10th, his mortal remains were conveyed to the Fourth Street Methodist Church. The concourse was unusually great. The Church, though the largest Protestant house of worship in the city, was crowded to overflowing. The services were introduced by Rev. Dr. PARSONS, with the reading of the following instructive lesson, collated from the Holy Scriptures:—

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"Man at his best estate is altogether vanity. He dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

So man lieth down and riseth not, till the heavens be no more."

"Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

"Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, for the slain of the daughter of my people."

"What *is man* that thou shouldst magnify him, and that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him?" "He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and continueth not." "And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one?" "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth and the flower falleth away. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

"If a man die, shall he live again?" "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence. He shall call to the heavens and to the earth, Gather my saints together unto me." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables." "For we know, that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "For this corruption *must* put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise." "The Lion of the tribe of Judah

hath prevailed." "When he ascended upon high. he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

"And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

"Oh grave, where is thy victory? Oh death, where is thy sting?" "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power." "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Alleluiah; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God"—"and again they said, Alleluiah"—"the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

The subjoined hymn was then read, with great solemnity, by Dr. PARSONS, and sung, with much spirit and power, by the congregation:—

"SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

The effect of the reading and singing, in connection with the weighty and fervent prayer that followed, will not be soon forgotten. Every heart was moved, and every face suffused in tears.

The great multitude was then addressed by Rev. WILLIAM HOLMAN. He had long known, and ardently loved, the deceased. His heart was too deeply affected to permit him to extend his remarks. He spoke for a short time, with much feeling, in relation to the Bishop's Christian experience, call to the ministry, and self-sacrificing devotion to the arduous duties of his profession; dwelling, with peculiar emphasis, on the unimpeachable rectitude, and spotless purity of his character, throughout the whole course of his ministerial life. He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. SEHON, who has kindly furnished us with the following copy of his address on the occasion:—

"I have been appointed, in connection with my respected brother who has preceded me, to the painful but honorable duty of addressing you this morning. Another could have performed the duty more satisfactorily; but, however unequal to the task, I cannot, for a moment, hesitate.

Death has removed from office, and from the world, our beloved friend and brother, BISHOP BASCOM. We have assembled in the house of mourning, this morning, to pay him the last tribute of respect—to sympathize with his bereaved family and friends, and to improve this afflictive dispensation of the Providence of God.

Yes, our beloved BASCOM is gone—he is no longer a partaker of our joys or our sorrows. It is, indeed, a sad reality; and yet we can scarcely realize that he is to be here no more. His removal from the scene of his earthly labors, is to us, indeed, a mysterious providence. We, in our weakness, see not as *He* does, who is the Great Disposer of all events. How often those who, to human view, are most needed, and at the very time when their services are so much required, are taken from this to a better world. But God seeth not as man seeth; and what to us is now dark, will be revealed in that world of light, when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

Were we not thus instructed from the Word of God, that perfect wisdom and unbounded goodness directs all the plans of Heaven, and that in a coming day they shall be fully revealed to us, we would often find ourselves questioning the expediency of many of the painful events which mark our history in this world. Even possessed of this blessed truth, how often, when those of great usefulness and worth are taken away, are we apt to ask, "Why was it thus?" It is in *such* an hour, *we learn*, that God, in forming his purposes, and carrying them into effect, is not ruled by the judgments or opinions of men. He is the author of life, and arbiter of the destinies of man. He taketh away, and none can hinder. There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Lord.

How often do we behold the youth, just entering into manhood, full of hope and promise, with a bright and joyous future before him; and ere his work is scarce begun, he falls in death.

The statesman, whose controlling voice is heard above the storms of faction and party strife, just at the moment when his counsels and prudence are so powerful for good, is called away.

The victorious general, crowned with the laurels of many a nobly won victory, on whom, in the hour of danger, all eyes are wont to turn, at the moment when least expected by us, meets the last Great Conqueror, and ceases at once to battle and to live.

The father, just at the very period when his family most need his protecting arm, and counsels, and prayers, falls in death.

The faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has manfully and successfully fought the battles of the Lord, to whom the Church looks with such trust and confidence, and whose further exertions are so desirable, and deemed so valuable to the cause of religion, dies in the midst of his days, in the prime of his life.

These, truly, to us, are dark and mysterious providences, beyond our searching, and past our finding out. But they are the doings of the Lord, and should lead us in holy prostration to say, "How unsearchable are thy judgments, O God; and yet we thank *Thee*, that righteousness and justice are the habitations of thy throne." We are thus forcibly, however painfully, taught, that though we are dependent, in the carrying out of our plans, upon certain instruments, God is not. How applicable to us, at this moment, this great truth! No one in the Church of God occupied a more commanding position than our beloved brother who is gone. Prized and loved, universally and justly esteemed

for his many virtues and great talents, he had just been honored with the highest office in the gift of his brethren. All were eagerly looking forward to *many, many* years of coming usefulness to the Church and the world, when he, tallest watchman of Zion, the chosen sentinel of God, must die. From the labors and toils of his first Conference, and yet his last, he has been called from earth to the Church of the first born, and the assembly on high. He has finished his work on earth, and entered into everlasting rest.

To notice minutely the great movements in which he bore a part, in his active life—the many places and offices of trust he so honorably filled—the great virtues which have rendered him so universally respected, beloved, and honored, as a man and a Christian minister—together with the great endowments and attainments which gave him a world-wide fame, as one of the most powerful orators, and gifted ministers of Christ—to dwell, I say, on them, and with fullness and justice present each particular, would require far more time than the present occasion will afford. This is a duty which will pertain to the historian—to him who shall faithfully and honestly present his biography to the Church and the world, for the benefit of mankind.

Yet, as far as we can, consistently, we shall briefly notice the history, graces, and virtues, which adorned the character of our departed friend.

I come not to eulogize him, but to improve the solemn event to the glory of God, and to our good. He needs no eulogy from me. Being dead, he yet speaketh—his works praise him. He has erected for himself a monument, in the hearts and affections of devoted friends—a *monument*, higher and more imperishable than any we could possibly raise. At an early period in life, he

entered the ranks of the Christian ministry. His name appears first on the printed minutes of 1814, having joined the Conference at Steubenville, Ohio, in 1813. It was far more difficult then, than now, to discharge the onerous duties of an itinerant minister, and perhaps no one then was surrounded with more discouraging circumstances than the deceased; but with a firmness of purpose, which ever after characterized him, he persevered. He was soon marked for his great prudence and good sense, combined with an ardent love for the souls of his fellow-men, and a disposition and willingness *to do* and to suffer in every possible way, for the promotion of the glory of God.

From his first entrance into the ministry, he gave himself closely to study—reading men, and books—and deep communion with his own heart. To succeed in his profession became with him a *passion*. Theological learning was of course the chief object of his study—the Bible his guide and text-book; while the other standard authors within his reach were all eagerly read. From close application, his mind became richly stored with all general and useful knowledge, but especially that literature so essential to one called of God to preach. He thus became, *indeed*, a scribe, well instructed in the mysteries of the Kingdom, and a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

His mind was richly stored with biblical knowledge, and his quiver was filled with arrows drawn from the armory of God. It can be no wonder, then, that he so soon became distinguished, as one of the *very first* in the foremost rank of the most eloquent and powerful ministers of Jesus Christ. As an orator he was unsurpassed. Europe, as well as America, is filled with his fame.

In him were found all the requisites of the true orator, in happiest combination—great emotion and passion, with correct

judgment of human nature—genius, fancy, and imagination—gesture and attitude—intonation and countenance—all united, in blended strength, to accomplish the mighty purposes which moved his heart. It is impossible, however, to convey any adequate idea, to those who have not heard him, of his power and eloquence as a speaker. Those alone who have listened to him, know how unlike every one else, and yet how powerful, natural, and lifelike, was his preaching. His sermons possessed every characteristic of animated and true eloquence. His *own* mind deeply imbued with the spirit of the everlasting gospel—his *own* hope resting on the Rock of Ages, his *whole aim and object* were to bring sinners to Christ. He spoke, because he believed, the truth; preached as a dying man to dying men—as in the presence of God, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, and as though he saw his crown of glory ever before him.

He fearlessly pronounced the awful threatenings of the law; probed, with a bold hand, the sinner's heart; and in much assurance, and with the power of the Holy Ghost, declared the whole message of God. His hearers were often led to Calvary, and then his lips seemed anointed with the very dew gathered from the leaves of the tree of life; while, as an angel of mercy, he spoke consolation to the stricken, the bereaved, and the sorrowing of the earth. All felt, who saw and heard him, that the theme was sacred, the ground holy, and that he felt the interests that engaged him were as high as heaven, and as lasting as eternity. Who, that was present, can forget the solemn services, on the day of his ordination as a Bishop of the Church, at the late General Conference? How nobly he preached the Cross of Christ, to the immense congregation that crowded that large temple! The Cross of Christ was his theme, while, in

trumpet tones, his voice was heard in that vast and hushed assembly, proclaiming the Cross—*the Cross!*

Many instances of the powerful effects of his preaching, upon the immense audiences who thronged everywhere to hear him, and, hushed into silence, hung breathless upon his words, might be named. These the hearer can call to mind. How full of interest, to some who hear me to-day, these recollections! Here, in this station, more than thirty years ago—here, in this very spot, where his body is cold in death, he stood, the legate of the skies—the ambassador of God to men. There are before me those who, through his ministry, were brought to Christ; while from above, in this blissful hour, others, escaped from earth, are looking down upon us. But his work is ended; He who called him to the ministry has called him to heaven. Already the solemn voice, "Servant, well done," has fallen upon his ear. He has entered that heaven, of which he spoke and wrote as I never heard or read from mortal man beside.

In all the relations of life he was called to fill, he fully sustained the character of the consistent Christian, and the dignified Christian minister.

His whole demeanor was marked with dignity and propriety. A warmer, or more benevolent heart, beat not in man. His *piety* was genuine and sincere, deep and heartfelt, and fully exhibited in all the active duties of life. His *friendship* was most sincere. He professed no regard he did not feel. He was above all intrigue and dissimulation; uniform integrity, and uprightness of conduct, marked his career, and rendered him irreproachable through life.

The speaker knew him well; he was my early friend; one of the very first, near twenty-four years ago, whose influence and advice led me, under God, into the vineyard of my Master.

How many, throughout the length and breadth of the land, has Bascom befriended! Indeed, at the different institutions of learning with which he was connected, and the Conferences to which he belonged, he was proverbially styled, "The young man's friend." Hundreds upon hundreds, when first they shall hear of his death, will involuntarily say, "He was my friend."

As a husband and father, he was kind and most affectionate. May God indeed bless the bereaved widow and fatherless children of our departed brother. She claims a promise she never claimed before. God has promised, in his holy habitation, to be the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless.

Methinks, the last tie that bound him to earth was his loved family, who, for a moment, bade him stay; but Heaven called, and he left them to us, while his deathless spirit passed to glory and to God. How sacred the legacy to the Church of Christ—the children of ministers, who have lived and died in the service of God! May the mantle of the departed father fall upon the youthful son, and may we ever remember those whom he has left!

For near six weeks our dear brother was a patient sufferer; not one murmur escaped his lips; resigned and submissive to the will of his Heavenly Father, he patiently awaited the summons to depart, and, but a few moments before he breathed his last, expressed the strongest, the most unbounded, confidence in God.

Could the prayers and efforts of the kind friend and family in whose house he suffered and died, and the many devoted friends around him, have availed, then he had not died; could the best united medical skill of his physicians have succeeded, he would yet have been with us.

But none of them could hold him here. God called, and he must obey. May Heaven, indeed, sanctify this most afflictive dispensation of his providence, to the good of his bereaved family, the Church of God, and the world at large.

The services in the Church having closed, with an earnest, though submissive appeal to the Great Disposer of all events, by the Rev. Dr. LINN, the remains of the deceased were conveyed to the Eastern Cemetery, or Methodist Burying Ground, attended by a numerous procession of public and private carriages, crowded with many weeping friends and acquaintances.

Before the body was committed to the tomb, the burial service of the Church was read by the writer of this imperfect sketch; after which, Bishop Heber's Funeral Hymn was sung by the choir, accompanied by hundreds of voices throughout the vast assemblage.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee:
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to thy grave—But we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide,
He gave thee; he took thee; and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

The coffin having been conveyed within the vault, the assembly was dismissed with the Apostolic benediction; and all retired from this mournful scene, in silence and sadness.

Truly it may be said, "A prince and a great man has fallen" from the heights of our Zion! Bishop Bascom is no more of earth! He lives, henceforth, only, in the recollection of his brethren and friends, and the more enduring achievements of his laborious and eventful life. How darkly mysterious are the ways of Providence! "In the midst of life we are in death." He who had been so recently elevated to the highest and most responsible office within the gift of the Church, has been suddenly "cut down as the grass, and withered as the green herb." H. B. Bascom is gone from this "theatre of crime, and exile of misery," to his home and his inheritance "far up in the skies!" No more will he be seen amid the busy crowds that throng the ways of earth, or frequent the walks of Zion. Nor will the thunder

tones of his startling eloquence again be heard in the splendid sanctuaries, the humble cottages, or the primitive forests of this great Western continent. Low in the valley of death now sleeps, in deepest solitude, that peerless form, which none ever saw but to admire. Silent, in the lonely tomb, is now that inimitable voice which once thrilled the hearts of thousands, and on the imperative, though strangely enchanting accents of which, crowded assemblies hung, with intense interest and rapt delight. But, alas! he is no more of this world. Yet, still he liveth—"though dead, he yet speaketh." Long as life endures, will the thousands of our Israel remember, and remembering, love and revere, the name of BASCOM. His extraordinary talents and unrivalled eloquence, added to the many excellent virtues which adorned his life, have made an impression upon the Church and the world, that time can never obliterate. While true greatness, enlightened piety, and enlarged Christian philanthropy, are esteemed and valued among men, will the name and character of BISHOP BASCOM be cherished and honored upon earth.

E. S.

Louisville, Ky., December, 1850.

THE

INSTABILITY

OF ALL

SUBLUNARY THINGS.

TO THE READER.

THE following Discourse is the substance of the one delivered before the Louisville Annual Conference, at Greensburg. It pretends to nothing more, and, perhaps, hardly reaches to that. As I had not a single line written on that occasion, what is here presented to the public (at the urgent and oft-repeated request of some of the friends of my deceased brother and colleague, Bishop Bascom,) is given solely from recollection. I yield it for publication, I must confess, with unaffected diffidence, as it is the first sermon I have ever written.

JAMES O. ANDREW.

Oxford, Ga.
April 17, 1851.

THE

INSTABILITY

OF ALL

SUBLUNARY THINGS.

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 PET. i. 24, 25.

THE occasion on which I am to address you to-day, is one of deep and solemn import. At the close of these services, a number of brethren are to receive the imposition of hands, in token of their more entire consecration to the work of the Christian ministry. This alone, was there no other cause, would be sufficient to render it a scene of deep interest. But another circumstance arises, which will give additional solemnity to this hour. I am, by request of

the Louisville Conference, to associate with our worship a remembrance of the mournful event which has recently sent sadness to so many thousand hearts, and clothed our Zion in the habiliments of woe. I am but illy prepared to do justice to this occasion, for reasons which must appear sufficiently obvious to you all. I will endeavor, however, to give our solemn services such direction as shall (at least in part), we trust, meet the wishes of the Conference; and may we not humbly hope, too, by God's blessing, that they will prove profitable to this large and respectable congregation, assembled in the temple of the Most High?

The apostle, in the text, exhibits, in striking contrast, the imperfection, the mutability, and the folly *of* man, and all the harmony of design, and strength of execution, which belong *to* man; with the wisdom, perfection, immutability, and perpetuity of God's counsels, as revealed in his word. These are the points to which I shall endeavor to call your attention. We are, then, in the first place, to consider man in his physical weakness, the brevity of his life, and the imbe-

cility of his nature. How impressive is the language of inspiration on this subject, and how forcible the illustration of the text. "All flesh is as grass." Grass, which groweth up green and beautiful in the morning, and perisheth before the noon. Could language more clearly exhibit the brevity of human life? And yet, such is the word of God everywhere, in reference to this solemn truth. "Man is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay." Human life is as a shadow—a bubble on the stream—a thing of vanity and sorrow. Man is born to die; the throes of nature's anguish announce his advent into the world; sufferings and tears mark his course from the cradle, until after buffetting for a while with the ills of life, he goes, either by the slow decay of wasting disease, or the sudden and unexpected visitation of God, to find a long and lonely home in the silent grave.

Such is man, and such is a brief epitome of human existence. All, all *must* die, whether

in the green of budding childhood, the buoyancy of happy youth, the maturity and strength of hardy manhood, or the hoar decrepitude of wrinkled age. It is by God's decree; the certain accomplishment of which, he has secured in the physical constitution of his child. Human skill and prudence may sometimes, for a little space, delay the fatal hour, but it is only a brief respite: steady and stern in the accomplishment of his dread mission, Death *will* come at last, and, what is much more appalling to the soul, in too many instances it finds its victim totally unprepared for the change. Is it not most strange, then, that with all the evidences that we are doomed to die, clinging and clustering around our path of life, and forcing themselves constantly upon us, we can complacently close our eyes against the universal truth of our mortality, and go on, singing merrily of life and its pleasures, till the unexpected summons is made, and the dreadful death sickness is upon us. Then, as though this was the first time we had ever heard of death, or known that we were destined for

an endless future, we lament our want of preparation — complain that Death has come unexpectedly — and cry, with mighty wrestlings to God, for longer time. And then, if God in pity spare us, we too often rise from our beds of sickness, of tears, and of vows, to go forth again on a career of crime and forgetfulness, and do the works of the Devil with a greater zeal in his service than ever we did before. Such, alas! is too often the sad picture of man as he is, and as he stands affected by surrounding circumstances.

"Thou shalt die and not live," is the unalterable decree of God; and this is his certain doom, whether it overtake him early or late. Whatever station he may occupy in life, or whatever relation he may sustain to society, the sentence is the same — "Of dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The mighty conquerors of earth — those who have *subverted*, as well as *planted* empires — where are they? The great captains, whose triumphant banners have floated high in air, over a thousand battle fields—who, victorious over serried hosts in fierce array

have wreathed their names, and clothed their memories with all the glories of both the "laurel" and the "oak,"—where are they? Vanquished at length, and overcome. With them, the strife is over—the battle is fought and won, and they have surrendered to the potent and universal war chief, whose sway is unlimited empire, and whose victories are coeval with time. Where are they? Alas! they have gone down "to the sides of the pit," there to confront the thousands of the lost and damned, whom their ruthless swords, perhaps, sent prematurely to the spirit land. The men of might have bowed to the earth, and they who, in their generations, made the nations of the earth to vibrate with fear, and tremble beneath their giant tread, can no more be moved to draw a sword, to maintain a kingdom, or avenge a wrong. "How are the mighty fallen." Lowly they lie "upon the lap of earth;" nor shall the war-bugle's shrill note, or the cannon's thundering roar, ever re-kindle their martial fires again, or liberate them from the gloomy prison house to which their unre-

lenting conqueror has for ever consigned them. And where, too, we may ask, are the Solons and the Solomons—the Catos and the Constantines—the mighty law-givers of the earth? The men whose profound genius and patient toil, elaborated and gave the acts and statutes which so wisely govern and guard society against anarchy and ruin? Echo answers, where? And where, too, are those legal luminaries—the glorious lights of the law—the deeply wise, and sternly honest occupants of the bench of justice, who boldly maintained a righteousness in administration, in the face of dangers many and most appalling; who, fearless of consequences, spread the protection of the broad-winged "ægis" of the law over helpless and injured innocence, at the hazard of place and royal favor, and sometimes even at the cost of liberty and life? Where are ye? Benefactors of the human race! You *were*, but you are not. Your robes have long since fallen from your shoulders, and now they rest upon others. You have gone to rest quietly, in that place of silence, where the

oppressor and the oppressed, the judge and the criminal, sleep side by side together. But your memories should be cherished and kept fadeless and green, by every true patriot, and sincere lover of honesty and virtue.

Go and stand amidst the crumbling collonades and broken pillars of the classic Theban, or search into the magnificent chambers of the heaven-deserted Ninevite, or gaze with rapturous astonishment upon the architectural remains of Roman and Grecian grandeur, and then ask the idle loiterer in their courts, for the minds that designed, and the hands that reared these glorious structures. The vacant stare that answers the inquiry will tell, that their names are unknown, and their memories perished from off the earth. Gone! Gone! Yea, for ever gone, from all their glories, to swell the long and lengthening line of Death's gloomy and dark captives.

Turn you, now, to those who have loved to minister at the altars of nature, who have spent ong, studious, and toilsome years, patiently waiting in her temple, if peradventure they might catch the response of the oracle, which

they vainly flattered themselves would remove their fears, solve their doubts, and open up new worlds for the study of their inquiring minds —where are they? Perished with their shrine. They who, with crucible and telescope, have sought to explore the hidden laboratories of nature, and pointed the way to many a bright and glorious planet, whose light has hardly yet reached our earth; or they who, with untiring assiduity, and daring intrepidity, have fought and strove in every region of earth, air, and sea, to cheat Death of its victims—where are all these? In the grave: gone—*all gone*, is the mournful response.

Now turn to a scene more sacred and endearing. Behold a family where all is gentleness, peace, and love. Mutual endearment to each other characterizes the whole group. A kind father and devoted husband—a fond, considerate, and obedient wife and mother, with children well governed, and affectionate toward each other. Surely, if earth has any fit type of heaven, it is found in such a circle. There the Book of God is found and reverenced; and

there ascends, daily, and devoutly, the evening and the morning petition to the throne of grace. There, also, descend, in answer to a living faith, the priceless dews of heaven, rich and refreshing to drooping nature. Surely, the angels of God, while on their errands of merciful ministration from heaven to earth, might love to linger around such a scene, to behold the sacred ecstacy of the happy parents, as they contemplate the beautiful olive plants around their table, and mark how delight and affection, and buoyant hope sparkle in their eyes, as glance answers glance of holy joy and unadulterated love. How blissful—how happy, is such a group.

But return to-morrow, and how changed the scene! Enter those halls now, where but yesterday the sounds of gleeful joy and childish mirth were heard — where smiling and contented looks of happy parents were seen — where the pure promises of pleasant hope, gladdened eyes, and ears, and hearts — and whither have they fled? Alas! all is darkness and dismal gloom. A cloud of sadness, like

the upheaving of a thunder-head upon a sun-lit horizon, has rolled itself in sorrow upon their habitation, and now both heart and countenance answer to the visitation of a remediless grief. The deepest woe (though the soonest healed,) is that which weeps over the remains of the departed dead.

Steal softly now into the adjoining chamber, and there behold all the cause of this sudden, this fearful change. There, pale, cold, and lifeless, sleeps the loveliest of all the lambs of that happy household flock. The good Shepherd has sent and taken away the choicest and best beloved of all, for his own fold in heaven. In a few hours, the sable hearse shall bear away that beauteous form—the father's pride, perhaps, and the mother's joy—to its last resting place in the silent grave; and the heart-stricken parents, bowed down with the weight of grief, shall return wearily to their once joyous, but now saddened home, to be reminded by every object in house, and yard, and field, of the departed loved one that is gone for ever. How poignant now, is the grief of memory, which

tells to them, that they will no more hear the sweet prattle of their child in this sinful world.

It may be that the husband stands by the death pillow of the wife of his bosom. She who, for his sake, left friends, and comforts, and home, to follow and share his destiny. She who gave her young heart to him, in all the fathomless depths of its affections, and has been, through storm and sunshine, the fond, confiding partner of his fortunes, the devoted mother of his children, and the almost all in all of his chequered life. But the messenger has arrived, the order has been received, and the beloved *must* go. For how many long and bitter nights has he watched by her couch of suffering; and Oh! how constantly—how fervently, has he besought the Lord to spare her to him for yet a little season! But, alas! the doom of the loved, and beautiful, and good, is sealed, and the sentence cannot be revoked. The struggle is past, and the grief-smitten husband, motionless and wrapt, now stands gazing, with agony too deep for utterance, upon the clay which so

lately enshrined the loveliest and the best of earth. He follows her to the silent grave, and there, overwhelmed with his loss, he retraces his footsteps to his desolated home, and, as he gathers around him his little heaven-stricken flock, whom God has written motherless, he feels that the hand of the highest is heavily upon him. Surely, "all flesh is as grass."

Or it may be, that the fond and devoted wife, has just received the dying benediction of the faithful and affectionate husband, and exclaims, with heart-breaking anguish, Oh! what will now become of us? My husband was my *all*—was my everything—friend, counsellor, nay, was next to God himself; but now I am bereft; my little ones are fatherless; who, Oh! who, shall now protect and care for us? This is grief, indeed; and surely, not without an ample cause.

But Death, like an inexorable and relentless tyrant, executes his stern commission, without regard for the most endearing and hallowed relations—even those appointed by God himself. The tenderest ties of life are ruthlessly

snapped asunder; faithful and loving hearts are broken and crushed; and yet, heedless of all, the fell destroyer sweeps on in his reckless course. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

But turn we now to the household of God—the holy places of the Most High himself. The prophets and seers of the olden time, where are they? Where are those holy men who stood upon the loftiest summit of the mount of vision, and opened the roll of earth's closing age; who, touched with the burning inspiration of God, gazed down upon the rolling and swelling of time's future tide, and there saw empires and kingdoms "wax and wane," and dynasties rise and set in the far off distance?—who beheld the perishing and proud hopes of earth's great ones, as "dust in the balance," and in sacred vision wrapped, inscribed upon the tables of prophetic truth, as clearly as though the finger of God himself had written it there, the coming shame and glory of earth; the ultimate triumph and bliss of heaven; the fierce conflict and God-like victory of Him who is "the Lord

our righteousness?" Yet even these—Jehovah's chosen messengers—upon whom was God's anointing oil, and whose lips were touched with a coal from off heaven's own altar, lie cold in death. Ages ago, they obeyed the call, and left the walls of Zion. The trumpet fell from their palsied hands, and stricken of the same destroyer, their voices were hushed in the silence of the grave.

And the beloved and faithful apostles of Immanuel—the holy Incarnate—those who were called of Him; who saw and conversed with the God-man, and enjoyed his most intimate association; who stood and gazed, awe-struck and overwhelmed, upon the bloody scenes of Calvary; who listened, with burning hearts, to his first sermon after his resurrection; who looked on with measureless astonishment, as in triumph He ascended to glory, in the bright cloud-chariot of God. They, who received the fire baptism and Pentecostal Holy Ghost, as their preparation for the great work assigned them, and who went forth in His name to fulfil the world-wide, and time-enduring

commission. Where are they? Those greatest of earth's benefactors, have all passed away from the scenes of their hallowed toil, and, centuries since, have ceased both to labor and to live. Surely, "all flesh is as grass."

But turn we now to another scene. Enter, now, the Church of God. Stand within its altar, and behold the interesting group of reverend and aged men before you. There are the grey-haired veterans of the cross, who have done valiant battle for God since the days of their morning strength: and there, also, are those who are in the meridian of their power—strong and vigorous, and well experienced for the work of truth: and there, too, appear the young, who have but just buckled on their armor, and entered upon their career of Christian usefulness. How noble is that band, and how full of promise

But look now, again, and survey the company well. Are they all present? Are there no vacant places now?—no seats left empty? Tell me, O ye gray and hoary-headed prophets of the Highest, where are many of precious

memory, who went forth with you, in the earlier time, to reap God's harvest, in these beautiful and fertile fields? I read the response in your answering tears. They have gone home, and left you, for a little while, to mourn their departure. But, where will you be, also, in a few short and fleeting years? Gone, too, and for ever, to rejoice with your brethren—who have already crossed the flood—to be happy in your fatherland. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

And now, let us ask, in this connection, where is our own beloved, our honoured friend and brother, Bishop Bascom? But lately, we saw him in the temple of God, and heard him there, as in strains of commanding eloquence, peculiarly his own, he poured forth the triumphs and glories of the Cross—the Cross of Jesus Christ in its significance, its power, and the glory which it challenged to itself together with the faith and hope of a doomed world, received through its instrumentality. And we remember, too, how, when the sermon was ended, he meekly knelt at the altar

of God, to receive the imposition of hands, which was to consecrate and set him apart to the most responsible office in the gift of the Church.

Who that knew his history, and understood his character, ever doubted that the highest confidence and richest honors of the Church were then as *nobly won*, as they were well bestowed Nor should the affecting scene, connected with the services of that hour, be ever forgotten. Our beloved Bascom had expressed the most fervent desire that his long-tried, and greatly-beloved friend, Bishop Soule, should take part in the ordination services. To this request his venerable friend resolved to respond, though, to do so, he was compelled to rise from a bed of sickness, which many feared, and believed, would be his last.

Never can we forget the impressions of that moment, when we saw that venerable servant of God, bending beneath the combined weight of infirmities and years, and supported by the arms of others, slowly advancing through the dense crowd which thronged and filled that

spacious Church; nor the deep thrilling tones of that now scarcely audible, but once trumpet voice, as like another Joshua in the midst of assembled Israel, he pronounced the words of Episcopal consecration. Who that was present *then*, would have been prepared to expect what is passing *now*. Our honored friend and father, Bishop Soule, is now before us, in health improved, and strength increased; (and may kind Heaven grant that he may abide with us yet for many years, to serve and bless the Church with his counsel and his example;) but where is he, who, on that occasion, took upon him the vows and responsibilities of a Bishop in the Church of God? He had hardly more than entered upon his great work, the future of which, from his transcendent abilities, was so full of excellent promise to the cause of Christianity, when the messenger came to command him hence. With a deep and sacred sense of the high and arduous responsibilities of his position, and an indomitable resolution in the strength of Israel's God, to meet all its claims, he went

forth; but scarcely had he crossed the threshhold of his elevation, ere he heard the voice from afar, of "Come, ye blessed of my father." To him the summons was not an unwelcome one, for he felt, with his illustrious exemplar, that, "to live was Christ—to die, gain." It is said by those who were favored with the opportunity of listening to his discourses, after his consecration, that they indicated a renewal of all that power and pathos, which so eminently characterized his early efforts. But, alas! how soon were all these bright prospects blasted and destroyed. That same God, who had called him and anointed him, also bade him lay aside the armour of the "warrior chieftain," almost untried—leave to other hands the accomplishment of the great work to which he had been so recently consecrated, and repair to nobler and more glorious realms of peace and love. That manly form, "the observed of all observers," now lies nerveless and dead beneath the coffin-lid; that mighty voice, upon whose thrilling tones, thousands have hung, spell-bound, until the man was

lost sight of in his subject, is hushed in silence, that noble heart, which had a ready sympathy for all, has ceased to beat, and we shall see him —we shall hear him no more on earth; but God is with us, and we shall meet him in heaven.

But why should we dwell longer on this part of the subject? "Ye shall all die," though many do not believe the declaration, at least, if their conduct may be taken as a correct interpreter of their faith. How many, in this large congregation, are even now persuading themselves that they will live for many years, and so resolve to pass the warning unheeded by, and reap a full harvest of pleasure while they can, leaving the work of preparation for the last solemn change, to the undefined and unaccredited space, life's last few hours. Oh, reckless folly! Oh, blind stupidity! Death hath its million victims from the ranks of the gay, the young, the vigorous, and the thoughtless, and many who are now before us, will, doubtless, ere long, whether prepared or not, swell the gloomy rolls of the Tyrant. Friends have fallen around you, the loved

ones of childish days, and the cherished associates of riper years are gone, and a voice of warning comes up from the tomb, bidding you to be "also ready," and yet you heed it not. Oh! listen to the voice of inspiration: "Prepare to meet thy God."

But if the life of man be like the perishing grass, what shall we say of all man's wisdom—his skill in design, his strength in execution, in short, all which constitutes the "glory of man." God says, "All the glory of man is as the flower of grass;"—more uncertain and more fleeting than even life itself. For the grass may survive a little the falling of the flower, and life also may continue long after all that rendered it glorious, or even desirable, is passed away. In this regard many have chosen to die rather than to live. Imbecility is stamped upon all the efforts of man, physically and mentally. This is generally made manifest in the objects which are commonly selected as the great end and aim of life. How few of the more distinguished of society can be induced, until long after life's meridian is past, and the sun of

existence is seen hastening down the west, to give *one* day of serious, deliberate, and honest consideration to the great—the deathless interests which encircle and cling round their immortal future. But, instead of this, they ask, continually, What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithall shall we be clothed? How shall we acquire wealth? in what field shall we reap honors? and from what fountain quaff increasing draughts of sensual pleasures and unholy delights?

Such are the general objects of pursuit in this vain world, without distinction of age, or intellect, or position in society. Is it a wonder, then, that heaven lays an interdict upon their happiness? They have repudiated and rejected God—his favor, his peace, and his heaven, by preferring baseless dreams and unsubstantial shadows, to the Holy *One* of Israel—the one true and living God,—the legitimate and only source of purity and peace. To seek these amidst the vain follies of the world, is as hopelessly absurd as it would be to search amidst the decay and rottenness of

the grave, for forms of life, and health, and beauty. God often thwarts and disappoints our hopes, doubtless, for the best of purposes, in that our best concerted schemes often fail of accomplishment, even when the most profound human wisdom has given them birth. The warrior loses a battle, upon the issue of which his all was staked, through some contingency, which neither the most consummate skill in arms, nor the most desperate valor in action could foresee or prevent. The man of millions is made a bankrupt, by the simple change in the direction of a passing cloud. A resistless tempest on the deep is produced, and all his treasures are buried in an hour. Thus, by flood or flame, or the maddening draught—or, it may be, the villanies of an associate, many a one, in a brief hour, is sent forth into the world a helpless pauper.

The deep and plotting slave of ambition—the shrewd and wily statesman, or politician, may have all the ill-earned gains of a scheming lifetime swept away by a day's revolution, or a single revulsion in popular feeling. His

towering hopes are crushed in an hour, and the idol of yesterday becomes the debased and down-trodden outcast of to-day.

Kings are hurled from their thrones by an infuriated populace, and their sceptres, with their regal seats of power, lie dishonored in the dust together. Republics are proclaimed, and the shouts of exulting multitudes announce the glorious advent of the genius of self-government, but hardly have their loud hozannas died away upon the breeze, before patriots find their homes in dungeons, or, upon the gory scaffold's plank, expiate their sin of loving liberty too well. Tyrants re-ascend their thrones again, from which they so lately and so ignobly fled in coward haste, there, with scorpion scourges in hand, to teach the people their lessons over again, and make them groan beneath the bloody lash of despotism, in very bitterness of soul. "The glory of man perisheth."

God thwarts our wisest plans; or when, for his own wise purposes, he permits their consummation, it is not unfrequently the case, that they prove a curse at last, and we wake

from our vision of years, to find that life has been all spent in chasing a shadow. We have labored with anxious and exhausting toil, day and night, for wealth; for the sake of its gain, we have sacrificed both pleasure and ease—nay, conscience, too, has been laid, as an offering, upon the altar of the golden god, that in the "rainy day," as it is called, we may live in leisure, and leave our children rich.

But what is the result? The wealth is gained, it is true, and luxury crowns the board; but, alas! disease, too, is there, and close at hand, as peering upon us from the very fountain of promised enjoyment. Death stares us in the face. There stand our tempting goblets, and there our groaning tables; but if we eat, we die. Our children, the prospective heirs of that for which we have, Judas-like, sold our souls and our Saviour, commonly become worthless and depraved, and give to their blind and doating parent, a voluntary pledge, in advance, that the hoarded wealth, for which he bartered heaven, and

purchased hell, as his final home, shall be diligently appropriated to secure them, also, a similar dwelling place. What folly! What madness! Alas, for the worse than cruel recklessness of thousands around us:—they damn themselves, to procure for their unhappy and wronged children, a home in the world of fire.

Is life, then, no other thing but a scene of continual change and uncertainty? Is nothing true? Is nothing solid and firm? Is there no stable and sure foundation for human hope to rest upon? Are we created simply to be the sport of fickle fortune in this world, and the victims of doom in a world to come? To be torn continually with burning—with consuming passions, which impel to wasting and painful efforts, and doomed to go ever unrewarded? No, this is not the case: there is a brighter and more encouraging view of the subject. There is *a rock* which is never moved—*a foundation* which cannot fail—a faith that always prevails, and leads to peace, and joy, and perfect love. A faith which

casts out fear, overleaps the dark barriers of the tomb, throws wide the bright portals of glory, and conducts its happy subjects, through an abundant entrance administered unto them, triumphantly into the heaven of God. O let our hearts exult in the glorious announcement, "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Let us, now, briefly consider the import of this cheering declaration. Human laws, and human systems, are, necessarily, imperfect and defective, from their very origin. The minds which conceive them, without exception, exhibit this gloomy impress; hence revision, repeal, and amendment, must be their constant and never settled destiny. Not so with the law Divine; its Author is perfect, as the law is perfect—the *all-wise*, the immutable Jehovah. The enactments of God are perfect and complete in all their parts, and in all their appliances; each provision is made with direct reference to all the possible varieties of human condition; hence no necessity can ever arise for modification, or change, to meet any altered phase of society.

The word of God, as revealed to the world, is exactly adapted to man, not only as regards its laws, which are suitable for his government, under all circumstances, but also in reference to every country, and all time. In whatever age he may live—whatever the degree of civilization to which he may attain—whatever his capacity, or his relations in life, the God who made him has given him a law, the observance of which secures to him peace, purity, and hope, and constitutes him a happy and useful member of society. But beyond all this, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, contemplating him as a depraved and fallen creature, adapts its teachings to his wants, *just as he is*—"in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." It does not send him to the fine spun theories of an ever-changing and demented philosophy, to search, in endless labyrinths, after truth, and leave him there, unsatisfied after all, as ignorant and debased as at first—consigning him, after spending his powers and his years, in bitter and unavailing struggles, until hoary decrepitude, and wrinkled age, are upon him,

to the heirship of crime and hopeless despair. But it brings him to the rejuvenating fount of eternal life—reveals to him the one true and living God, manifested in the benignant form of the most tender compassion—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." It preaches peace to him, by Jesus Christ. It institutes no impossible conditions, but simply calls upon man to repent of his sins—to behold himself in the mirror of Divine truth—to feel the deep turpitude of his conduct, and be sorry for his impurities—to hate, and turn from his iniquities, and transgressions; and when struggling ineffectually to break the bonds that fetter him, it points him to a throne of omnipotent compassion, with the assurance that God gives the Holy Spirit, in ample measure, to all who honestly, fervently, and perseveringly seek him. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ: bring thy smitten heart, with all its guilt and grief, with all its weakness and woe, to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Come,—he invites, he urges, he entreats. Are you vile? There is a sufficiency in his atonement—for "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Are you poor? Oh, the riches of his grace—that grace "is sufficient for thee," for the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Thou canst not be too helpless for the might of his condescending goodness; thou canst not be too stupid and ignorant for his long suffering, patience, and infinite wisdom; for he offers thee free pardon, and exalted peace, "without money and without price." And when that pardon is vouchsafed, he also gives thee the witness of adoption—his certificate of acceptance in the beloved—even his "Spirit to bear witness with our spirit, that we are born of God."

But, furthermore, the word of the Lord is exactly suited to all the emergencies, conflicts, and trials of Christian life. The Bible is, emphatically, the Christian's own book. It is his rule of faith; and being, for counsel, for reproof, for instruction, and for encouragement, it hath a word, suitable and in season, for every varying phase of his transitory state. Is he

prosperous? It whispers, "Be not high-minded, but fear;" trust not in uncertain riches, but trust in the living God, who giveth unto us, munificently, all things, for our enjoyment. "For none of us liveth to himself." Does the love of money begin to infuse its poison into our hearts? It thunders, "Love not the world, neither the things of the world." The world passeth away: "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Are we injured of others?—do they wrong us —in person, in fame, or estate? It teaches us to "return not evil for evil, neither railing for railing, but contrary-wise, blessing." "Bless them which persecute you; pray for them that despitefully use you, and ye shall be the children of the highest." Are we surrounded with difficulties? Does Satan assail us with bitter temptations, insomuch that we are cast down? Does gloom and despondency gather thick and heavy around us? It assures us, that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." How sweetly does it expostulate with us, in reference to our "light afflictions." "Why art

thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, for the help of his countenance." He is thy God, Christian. Oh, how much is implied in these words—*He is my God.* He made me, redeemed, and preserves me, and has adopted me into his family. He sees me constantly—knows me thoroughly—is possessed of wisdom, power, and grace, without limit—loves me as only God *can* love, and has pledged all the attributes of his character, for my support and deliverance. What more *could* I ask? True, the deliverance may not come exactly when, and how, I wished, but what of that?—it only proves that God is wiser than I am, and understands, much better than I do, how to manage the whole case. Then let me rest quietly in His hands, being well assured that He will bring all things right at last.

Is the cup of misfortune put to our lips? And are we forced to drink it to the bitter dregs? Does God take away health, or friends, or fortune? Our counsellor is not silent, but

tells us that our loved ones are removed to a better land, where we may join them again; that in heaven, we have an inheritance—a treasure which neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and that thieves cannot steal. Has God laid us on a bed of sickness, and has he loosed the cords of life, one after another, until we feel that we are brought into the very presence of Death? The word of the Lord is at hand still, disclosing, to our faith and hope, a heaven of perfect bliss beyond—the place of God—the home of the just made perfect—where fortune, friends, and eternal life, await the coming of the good.

Then let the Christian sing and shout, while Death and the grave are doing their worst, "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But the word of the Lord is not only adapted to the wants of man, in all the changing circumstances of his pilgrimage; in addition, it is eternal—"it endureth for ever." Men pass

away—systems change—and all that is earth-born, is so fading, and fleeting, that we may well fear to trust it for a moment. But the word of God is immutable, and immaculate; it can neither be added to, nor taken from; "it endureth for ever." When this glorious system of worlds which spangle space, and gem the heavens with their brightness, "like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision," shall have fled away, even then, *this word* shall firm remain. Whether in its threatenings, or its promises, it shall be fully accomplished; not one "jot or tittle" shall fail; but its truths shall endure as long as the ages of Deity, or the eternity of his habitation. Oh, then, let us listen to its instructions—let us heed its warnings—and let us trust its infallible promises. Christian pilgrim, way-worn and weary, here is a staff to lean upon; cast thyself upon the word of God, and it shall sustain thee, safely, fully, and eternally—for "it endureth for ever."

It will be appropriate, in closing this discourse, to give a brief view of the character of our departed friend and brother, Henry B

Bascom. We shall not attempt, of course, any thing like a "full length portrait,"—a brief outline alone, must suffice. A more extended notice will, doubtless, be given, and by one more competent, we hope, and having more leisure at command, to do justice to the theme. Neither shall we attempt an eulogy on the departed dead,—a good, and a great man's best eulogy, is found in his life and labors. These will tell with emphasis upon the "weal or woe," of the contemporary generation, and also upon those which shall follow after, even to the end of time. Nor do we come to glorify the sainted dead; that has been done already, by the God of heaven; even the Eternal Father, in whose presence, as a faithful son and servant, for so many years, he walked in obedient service. "God took him, and he was not."

Henry B. Bascom was born in the state of New York, in the month of May, 1796, and was partly educated in New Jersey. While he was yet young, his father removed to the great West, where his son passed his

boyish days and early manhood, amidst the wild forests of the land, the silence of whose vast solitudes were then profound, and but seldom broken, save by the wild scream of the eagle, the crack of the Indian's rifle, or the sound of the woodman's ax. Thus circumstanced, he had but little opportunity for mental cultivation, from the aid of schools and books; and yet, at that early period of his life, and with all the disadvantages of his station, his soul panted for unrestricted communion with knowledge. Hope pointed him to a brilliant future, and he resolved to be wise, and great, if untiring patience, and pains-taking industry, could accomplish his object. He embraced religion while yet a boy, and before he was seventeen years of age, was found sustaining the duties and responsibilities of the Christian ministry. He entered the itinerancy of our Church when it was no holiday employment to travel a circuit—no snug little "patch," of seven or eight appointments, to be filled once in two weeks—with good houses, good roads, good

churches, good cheer, and liberal pay, to tempt the youthful aspirant to the work; but, four, five, and six weeks circuits, of hundreds of miles round, with no churches, miserable roads (or, perhaps, none at all,) rivers to swim, log cabins to lodge in, and jerked beef or venison, (often, too, without the luxury of bread,) for food. Add to these, a scanty wardrobe, and an empty purse, and the picture is furnished, of Methodist itinerancy, when Bascom entered its ranks.

It would be interesting, no doubt, to follow the heroic stripling through all the adventurous scenes (and they were many,) of his early ministry; to contemplate him in his long, lonely, and weary rides; to watch the struggles of his youthful heart, amidst discouragements, which would have driven a less devoted, and less determined spirit, to seek for comparative ease and rest, in fields of enterprise less arduous and exposed. But we have no data to guide us, and, therefore, can only indulge conjecture, on the subject. This, however, we *do* know, that he never hesitated, nor shrunk from the

faithful discharge of his duty, but gave to it the entire strength and ardor of a nature that did nothing by halves. With but small advantages, from early scholastic training—but little time for study, and few books to aid him in his course—he, nevertheless, became a devoted student; and his profitting was no less astounding, than manifest, to all who heard him.

In the early years of his ministry, it was his lot to be associated with brethren, whose judgment of a man's piety, was, to a great extent, decided by the form of his garments, and by his observance of certain conventional rules, or usages, deemed indispensable for Methodist preachers punctiliously to regard—especially if they were young men: and woe be to him, if his coat, and his hat, and his waistcoat, were not exactly to the square, and according to rule. These good men seem to have felt themselves specially called upon to defend the ministry from pride; and if a young man appeared in the lists, who was more than ordinarily aspiring, it made no difference how talented he might be, it was deemed a point

of the first consideration, that he should be duly humbled, and "broke in," by sending him to some poor and toilsome field of labor, where, upon a hard circuit, and harder fare, he might starve out the fancied demon. This would, probably, succeed in many instances, in driving the aspirant altogether from the ranks, which was sure to be regarded as a proof, conclusive, that he was never thoroughly renewed in heart; or else it converted him into a cringing sycophant—which was almost as bad; or, if the preacher possessed too much soundness of mind, and independence of character, for either of these results, the next step was, by some management or other, to drive him from the Conference.

Into the hands of a clique like this, it was Bascom's misfortune, early to fall, and by whose management and intrigue, he was, also, well nigh being driven—at least from the pulpits of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was not among the least of the troubles that tried his soul, in the earlier years of his ministry; and I have often thought, that this portion of

his history might explain his extreme hatred of cant, which it is well known was a conspicuous trait in his character. Perhaps he was in danger of carrying it too far; for, while it is true, that mere cant is always disgusting, it is also true, that, unless great carefulness be observed, in attempting to repudiate and sweep away the *chaff*, much of precious *wheat* may perish with it. We know not, however, that our deceased friend ever permitted himself to be much moved, or hurt, by the course pursued towards him, either in his personal experience, or pulpit ministrations. Certainly, his published discourses bear no evidence of any such injury.

From the commencement of his career, his aim was a lofty one, which he never lost sight of for a moment, until called away from earth to heaven. He knew—he felt, that for a special purpose, God had gifted him with powers susceptible of a wide and glorious expansion; that He who gave them, required their diligent improvement: hence, with his whole soul, together with all his capabilities

and feelings, he dedicated himself to the great and holy work to which God had called him.

If he had but few books, he the more thoroughly mastered them. One book he had (and he perused it well,) which is not found in state libraries, or college halls—the book of nature. The scenes around him were full of interest. The gloomy grandeur of the mountain forest, and the wild music of the thundering waterfall, spread before him a book, whose pages were full of nature's God; while the simple, bold, and adventurous character of the pioneers of the border, among whom he was stationed, opened to him a chapter, in the philosophy of human nature, which was full of profit, and useful instruction. The grand magnificence of these wild-wood scenes, was in happy unison with the native temper of his mind; and, possibly, their remembrance, in after years, constituted no small agency in producing that fondness for the terrible and the sublime, which, throughout his ministry, so marked his discourses.

We must, necessarily, pass over many scenes of his novitiate in the itinerancy; during which time he was training his powers, by a self-imposed, and rigid discipline of mind and body, for the glorious achievements of his riper years. Under this regimen, which continued through his life, his fame, as a preacher, rapidly increased, until, by popular acclaim, he was acknowledged, everywhere, as one of the first pulpit orators of the age. In an unfortunate hour, (as we think,) the Church called him away from the active labors of the pulpit, to serve in her literary institutions. Not that he lacked any requisite qualification for the chair of instruction; but, it has seemed to us, both a pity and a wrong, thus to have fettered and caged this soaring eagle. Methinks he should have been left free, to sweep through the world, a blazing meteor, and to make full proof of his ministry, in a field better adapted to his unequalled powers. The pulpit, doubtless, should have been his only battle-ground. For the pulpit, he was specially designed, and super-eminently qualified by the Great Head

of the Church. If those twenty years of comparative seclusion in college halls, had been given to the active duties and labors of the ministry, we cannot refrain from the thought, that a far richer harvest had been reaped, of glory to God, good to man, and enduring fame to the preacher himself.

In this respect, we are led to fear, that many of our best educated, and most talented ministers, are greatly in error, when they exchange the toilsome, and self-sacrificing itinerancy of the Church, for the less honorable—to say the least—though far more easy employment, of academic lecture rooms, and collegiate halls. If the path of duty be the way of safety, it is easy to perceive, that they are likely to fare best, who faithfully abide in the service to which God hath appointed them.

While we may not attempt any thing like an estimate of Dr. Bascom's talents, we may remark, that as a preacher, he stood pre-eminent. Admiring thousands, in every part of our land, have borne ample testimony

to his power, in this respect, *as the first pulpit orator of the age.* As a writer, he needs no commendation from us; his works are being given to the public, and they will speak his greatness and his praise, as long as piety shall continue to be honored, or genius admired on earth.

We confess, that sometimes, when we had listened to some one of his splendid sermons, we thought the style a little too lofty, a little too ornate, for our notion of what a popular preacher should be, to accomplish the greatest amount of good:—we should have liked more simplicity, perhaps. Notwithstanding, we always found use for our pocket-handkerchief before the sermon closed. Doubtless, there is a peculiar gift, which belongs to every man; in this, our friend was not singular. Dr. Bascom thought strongly, and loftily; hence, the tamer language of others would not have answered as a vehicle for the labors of his mighty soul. In this respect, he seems well to have understood himself, and as independently acted, in conformity thereto. His discourses

very rarely addressed themselves to the feelings of the heart, but, with giant might, laid hold upon, and dragged into active exercise, every latent power of immortal mind. His themes were generally chosen from the sublime, the absorbing, and controlling principles of the Gospel, rather than from the details of Christian duty and experience. Like the eagle, in the midst of the careering tempest, measuring its strength, and cleaving its fury, he loved to linger among the great fundamental truths of Christianity, from whose thunders, error crept, craven, and shrinking away; and infidelity, overwhelmed, fled abashed. While exploring, defending, and applying these glorious verities, his whole soul exulted in a cause, so worthy the deep devotion of his heart, and the entire consecration of his powers. Another moral beauty was, that while exhibiting and defending those principles of truth, which Wesleyan Methodists hold, in common with all orthodox Christians, as well as those which are peculiar to themselves, Bascom never descended to the ignoble, but too common platform of individual

reviling and personal strife. Perhaps it was this trait in his character and ministrations, which has induced some to call in question his entire Methodistical soundness. But if any doubt remains on that subject, a careful perusal of his published sermons will not fail to correct the error.

In the unfortunate controversy which, a few years since, divided into two distinct parts, the great Methodist family in the United States, Dr. Bascom took a decided stand in favor of the South. He did this, because he believed the South was acting upon the true platform of the Discipline of the Church. During the whole contest he sustained a prominent part—throwing the entire weight of his influence in favor of what he conscientiously believed to be the cause of truth and righteousness. The public documents, of exposition and vindication, of the course pursued by the South, as connected with the division, were mostly from his able pen: they will go down to posterity, as a clear declaration, and consummate defence, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Here we will pause, and say no more of Dr. Bascom, as a public man. But let us not forget to contemplate him a little, as a good man. He was naturally fond of retirement, and sensitively shrunk from much intercourse with the world around him. For a man of his varied attainments, he was diffident in the extreme, and, therefore, but illy calculated to shine in a promiscuous social intercourse with the world; hence, to those who had only a superficial, or incidental acquaintance with him, his manner seemed haughty and distant. Indeed, such were our own impressions, upon first seeing that extraordinary man. But a more intimate association with him, speedily convinced us that we had done him wrong. To those whom he well knew, and in whom he had confidence, he was frank, confiding, and unsophisticated—as a little child. And they who knew him best and longest, will endorse the declaration, that a kinder heart, and more full of all that is generous and noble, in feeling and sentiment, never throbbed in human bosom. His intercourse with his

brethren of the Conference to which he belonged, was particularly kind and generous. Both the aged and the young looked to him as a faithful friend and prudent counsellor. Many times have difficulties among the brethren been adjusted by him; and often, when the clouds of difference have threatened a stormy session of Conference, his wise and kindly influence has swept them away, and peace and amity have prevailed.

We may not forget, in this imperfect sketch of his virtues, the loveliest trait in all his character—his filial piety. In the course of our pilgrimage, it has been our lot to meet with many great men, who, after they had fought their way from obscurity, to distinction and wealth, cared not to remember the lowly cabin, where first they saw the light, or recur to the humble associations of their childhood days. They seemed to have forgotten the parents who gave them birth—those who loved and nurtured them, and watched over them in their early days. But not so with our friend. We see Bascom, when his fame was world

wide—when thousands hung entranced, upon his lips—when the rich, the honorable, the gay, and the fashionable, hastened to do him honor, turning to the humble habitation of his bowed and afflicted father, and with the tenderest and most untiring filial devotion, ministering to that father's comfort and relief. And when that venerable one passed away from the pains and sorrows of life, we see him still extending the same kindly affection to his bereaved step-mother, his brothers and sisters.

Excellent man. Is it a wonder that he was honored of heaven? Certainly not; for he was heaven's own, even as heaven has now taken him to itself. And, O my God, graciously remember his bereaved widow, and two interesting orphans, which he has left behind him.

The character of Bishop Bascom is a rich study, especially for the younger ministry of the Church; and cannot fail of profit to all who examine and understand it right. Let us present it, by way of instruction and example,

to the young men before us. We have seen him, in early life, struggling with adversity, yet, in the strength of Israel's God, resolving to be great, despite the many difficulties and discouragements with which he was surrounded. He felt that God had committed to him talents of priceless worth, and, with the command of the Master sounding in his ears, "Occupy till I come," he determined to be "faithful unto death." To this end, and with a field before him rich in promise, and demanding for its sufficient cultivation, the noblest energies of mind and heart, he willingly, and without reservation, consecrated himself, body and soul, to the achievement of the task thus assigned him. With the glorious result, the world is well acquainted.

But, more particularly, let us present him, in this aspect of his character, to the youthful members of the Conference. My younger brethren, God has given you, every one, powers which are susceptible of almost indefinite improvement—and, in their bestowment, designed their finished cultivation. You cannot

fulfill your high destiny without obeying the Divine behest, in this regard; and remember, God fixes your responsibility, in view of these very talents bestowed. Let no young man, therefore, and, especially, let no young minister, seek to justify a fatal indolence and inglorious ease, by affecting a specious humility, which is hypocritically "content to be little and unknown."

My young friends—all, a field spreads out before you, vast in extent, and rich in fertility. To whatever department of active service—whether in Church or state—God may have called you, see to it, that the product of your labor be as rich and valuable, as patient application, and untiring industry, can possibly make it.

To the young itinerant disciple of Jesus Christ, I would more earnestly and affectionately, recommend the example of our departed Bishop. Whatever may have been your early advantages, in reference to mental culture, let constant study, and prayerful diligence, charac terize your course. Do this, and do it faithfully

and you will not fail to become acceptable, able, and useful ministers of the New Testament. But enough: the example is before you; I pray you, read and understand it well.

We say not that our beloved Bascom was faultless. No. He was *a man—a fallen man*—partaking largely of the infirmities of depraved human nature. But, then, he had learned to look to the blood of atonement, and the power of the Holy Ghost, to enlighten, to purify, and to save.

The Cross of Christ was his familiar theme, on which he most delighted to dwell, during the whole course of his ministry. He prepared the way for his solemn consecration to the office of a Christian Bishop, by a magnificent announcement of the Cross of Christ, as the subject of his constant glorying, in a splendid discourse, glowing, in every line, with the perennial, and ever precious truths of the Gospel. In concordant harmony with this, were his memorable words, just before he entered the dark passage of the tomb, and bade the world adieu—"*My hope is above*,

in the goodness of Almighty God, as manifested in the Cross of Jesus Christ" May "grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord." AMEN.